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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Gazing at Oscar's navel

By Kasper's Coogate

I had all the suspense and panache of a Soviet election list, like the professional cheerleaders they all become, members of Hollywood's film company managed to find something during shoot the 53rd Annual Academy Awards. "That's Oscar," breathed a patron in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I just never heard anybody speak like that," he repeated over and over, mesmerized by Dustin Hoffman's ability to thank and speak at the same time during his self-deprecating acceptance of the Oscar for best actor. He cut through the segmented politeness of the ceremony like a paper screen. They applauded him, sheepishly.

But for the hundreds of card-carrying fans who had escaped overnight in the bleachers outside the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion where the Oscars are presented, Hoffman's modesty was beside the point. To enter a star-to-photograph or touch one—was the object of the exercise for them. The fans' feelings were expressed by Kermit the Frog, who warbled *The Rainbow Connection*, a song that explains how an institution as outdoors and overland as Oscar can still draw scores of millions to their TV sets each spring, as faithfully as anyone.



Hoffman from camera clay to glibbing idol

For the rest of their initial stream of votes, Oscar is indeed the rainbow connection. Much as a king's touch was said to cure scrofula, the touch of Oscar makes glibbing idols of those who were previously stuck in the common clasp of apolitical democracy. Oscar eliminates the boredom of equality. As kings are topped from thrones and gods from their heavens, only Oscar can remake the stars and enlarge the lot of actors. So in Hollywood, which thrives by its monopoly on Oscar's image, it's hard to ignore how Oscar does his trick—or to wonder, if said trick is at one end of the rainbow connection, what sort of devil he is at the other? Most studios go out of their way to prevent outsiders from catching even a glimpse of Oscar's mechanical workings. "Studios don't want it publicized that as Oscar costs money," snarled one studio executive early, slamming the door on questions. The charge that you can buy an Oscar has bedeviled Hollywood for decades, and studios have learned to offer all questions to "the Academy" (of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences), which awards the Oscars. The Academy, in turn, points to its members—the select more than 1,600 filmmakers, technicians, cameramen, directors and actors—who first nominate the pictures (five per category), then vote on as the best of them all.

"Of course it's a competitive event," admits John C. Fiske, a member of the Academy's board of governors. "Like college teams fighting for the championship." But the "important note" inside the Academy's rule book sheds a

sharper light on the backstage struggle: "Every year at awards time the Academy and industry are embarrassed by a few odiousnesses," the rule reads, "who must to do right, excessive and vulgar solicitation of votes—we urge every member to disregard attempts to influence his or her vote by the use of promotional gifts and other lobbying tactics."

The struggle is protracted. "We start screening the pictures we think have a chance in November," says Fiske. "If the Academy members don't see your picture, they're not going to nominate it." Morris Levy, Columbia's vice-president of promotion and publicity, explains that the nomination is the crucial first step—and the one more amenable to influence.

"The most important thing I can do for our business is to make seeing them easy for Academy members." For that purpose, all studios rent screening rooms and must release their new contenders in Los Angeles and New York (Chicago, only, as Academy members, who are concentrated in the two cities, can see them in a nearby Chicago Newspaper interviews with nominated actors and reviews of the movies help only if they're in the Los Angeles, New York or London papers. Since most members regularly

read *Daily Variety* and *Hollywood Reporter*, the first-trade papers, the studios saturate them with full-page ads from January to April. Oscar ad sales at Academy voters' homes the night, "For Your Consideration," and presents a nominated actor, technician or picture. "It costs about \$200,000 for each film to round the voters who'll be in the morning," Levy estimates. "With five nominees, our Oscar participants must absorb \$1 million dollars this year." (Cynics claim the Academy only underestimates money—rather money spent making the picture or on its Oscar quest—but that's hardly the case. *Star Trek*, one of the most expensive motion pictures ever made, won't be the back of the Academy's year as did the \$21-million *1941*, rumored to be the most expensive comedy ever made.)

But the publicity that an Oscar brings makes the five months' Hollywood captivity worthwhile. "The Best Picture" Oscar is worth \$1 million to \$10 million," Levy estimates.

Wise, Hollywood keeps the Oscar campaign hidden from view, not only to play down the "Oscar-buying" charge, but to keep fans from seeing that the odds don't make the rainbow connection is little different from a race for dog-eat-dog in some sleepy little town. For Hollywood is a smaller, narrower town than most. As one 20th Century-Fox executive said proudly, introducing another, "The name's Pasterzak—you know, like the famous director" Napolitano, not Napolitano, rule here.

Kasper Coogate is a Toronto free-lance writer.

WHY IS BALLANTINE'S NOW IN AN AMBER BOTTLE?

BECAUSE NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO WATCH A FINE SCOTCH DISAPPEAR.

Ballantine's
GOOD TASTE IS WHY YOU BUY IT

The high cost of justice

By Marvin A. Zuker

I recently heard this story of a taxi driver's court experience. He had landed a dried \$2,800 and, after many unsuccessful demands for repayment, sued to recover his money. Oh, he eventually "won" all right. At least he thought he did. After two years he was awarded judgment for his claim and costs. Then came his lawyer's bill: \$1,500. His net recovery had been \$1,000 from what really should have cost him next to nothing. Would it surprise anyone if this man turned cynic for life?

Most of us, of our legal profession, our judiciary and the legal system itself has been brought about to a great extent by the infamous twin evils—delay and costs. I often hear "the case of the Missing Plaintiff." He is everywhere. It has become increasingly apparent that large numbers of people are practically barred from our courts by the expense of litigation. We must devise procedures that are able to promote justice that is reviled.

I look at the people who come into my court. I see the man with his \$500 controversy for a defective roofing job or the \$1,800 malfunctioning used car. I also hear cases where a party had a legitimate claim for \$1,500 or \$2,000 but is unable to achieve speedy, accessible and inexpensive justice, they waive the excess beyond the monetary jurisdiction of small claims court in order not to proceed to a costly or supreme court of their province.

Today, the average person, unless his claim is covered by some form of legal insurance, simply can't afford the cost of litigation. And, thus, he is deprived of access to our legal system. The speedy resolution of civil and criminal cases is an important social goal. Slow justice does not mean more certain justice. I can talk about the rule of law. But it does not mean, save to the average person unless he has access to our courts, an enforceable law.

I am aware of the double-bowl disease of small businesses, one is the cost of litigation often prohibits them from bringing valid claims. The translation of delay can be to big assets and personnel until unwarranted compromises are forced upon them simply by economic necessity. Some help in meeting these problems can be found from the new methods of delivering legal services such as prepaid and group legal service plans, legal clinics and lawyer referral service plans.

The failure to view the control of costs as a requirement of professional service has not improved our legal climate, a climate determined by the measures of justice—not virtues. A justice system so expensive that it gives advantage to the wealthy few and denies a fair chance to the many cannot be tolerated in a society that prides the very values our courts exist to safeguard. Yet high litigation costs are not inevitable. Ontario begins experimenting in 1990 with a new provincial court (small claims) with a \$2,000 jurisdic-



"We need a review of all aspects of our legal process"

tion, an increase from its present small-claims-court jurisdiction of \$1,000. British Columbia's Provincial Court deals with matters up to \$2,800. The Quebec Provincial Court has jurisdiction in actions where "the sum claimed or the value of the thing is less than \$6,000, except suits for alimentary pension and those reserved for the Federal Court of Canada."

I think that speedy, accessible and inexpensive justice can work at every level of our courts. In Ontario we are redesigning legal procedures. Pretrial conferences and various court settlement procedures have received considerable success since they were introduced in Toronto in 1975. These procedures are used more sparingly in B.C. and Alberta, although a significant percentage of all cases are pretrial in Nova Scotia. Pretrial has reduced court delay and, more importantly, has reduced trial time.

I am among the first to admit that lawyers and judges, aided and abetted by our inherent litigious nature, have created many of the problems. To paraphrase Frost: "We have not the remedy, and he is us." We must limit the number of motions that can be brought. We must provide for narrative pleadings. We must eliminate most of the traditional discovery process and substitute this for discovery of compelled disclosure of certain types of information. We must take advantage of existing technology such as the telephone for scheduling and possibly arguing motions.

Relaxed rules of evidence in our small claims courts have worked. Justice can be gained through a decrease in the complexity of procedure. I have conducted trials at night. In California, if the parties consent, there is no small claims court but heard in the morning. It does work. If courts exist to provide justice to people then small claims courts provide more justice than any other.

Resolution hearings have been conducted within the framework of the small claims courts in Ontario. These present a beginning toward the variety of dispute settlement institutions and practices that have emerged in the United States as alternatives to the formal, adversarial relations that characterize dispute litigation. In mediation and conciliation a warmer way of disputing?

Perhaps we need a review of all aspects of our legal process. No dispute resolution system should be constructed just because it has always been performed a certain way. Justice delayed is justice denied is as true today as in the past. Our justice system must be fair and must seem to be fair. "We may look forward to a new future," said the wise American jurist Roscoe Pound in 1906, when our courts will be swift and certain agents of justice, whose decisions will be accepted in and respected by all." Not quite yet, Mr. Pound.

Marvin A. Zuker is an Ontario Provincial Court judge sitting in Toronto small claims court.

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Every year at the Scotti School of Defensive Driving some of the best drivers in the world get even better. They're not race car drivers. But people like police officers and chauffeurs of diplomats whose driving skills can mean the difference between life and death.

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Where fortunes are built on suffering

By Anthony Wild

José Quiché always looks behind him as he walks the streets of Guatemala City. As an official of the trade union at a Guatemala bottling factory, he is intensely making his life a representation of his fellow workers in this Central American country where, Amnesty International estimates there are about 1,500 political murders every year.

Among recent deaths, for example, were the 32 killed when police stormed the Spanish embassy, when peasants were holding the staff hostage in protest against the disappearance of nine of their relatives. But Guatemala is in a state of permanent siege: trade unionists, peasant leaders, left-wing politicians, lawyers, students, religious leaders and journalists are favorite targets for assassination.

Quiché lost his real sister, a housewife, a young Indian of 21, seven to five off nervous energy. "I know I'm risking my life," he says. "I don't want to die so young. But it's my duty to fight for the workers' interests." The risks are high in December, 1978, the winter

season. Pedro Quevedo, a Quiché, was gassed down on his delivery round. A month later his successor, Israel Marín, had his nose after an attempt on his life. And in April, 1978, the new secretary, Manuel López Belón, was murdered.

Every day the papers are full of stories of people who have "disappeared" and pictures of corpses found with signs of having been tortured. The killings are mainly the work of four right-wing terror organizations: White Guard, An Eye for An Eye, The Secret Anti-Communist Army and The Death Squad. Amnesty International accuses the government of President Romeo Lucas García of turning a blind eye to right-wing terror, while ruthlessly crushing down on left-wing guerrilla activity.

At the core of the tensions in Guatemala is an agrarian situation which has changed little in more than four centuries: just two per cent of landowners control 75 per cent of all agricultural land. These feudal barons, many of them top army officers, keep nearly two-thirds of their land vacant, yet the

Migrant workers need housing: \$1.30 a day

profits are as high as they live in rural style, with Range Rovers and Mercedes parked in the driveways of their palatial homes, and private planes stationed at the airport.

The country's four million rural poor, most of them Indians, live in the highlands, scratching a bare existence from their plots where the cane grows nine feet tall. In the winter months 1.5 million of them—many with their wives and children—head for the great haciendas of the south and east to harvest coffee, sugar and cotton. Their appalling living and working conditions are the foundations on which Guatemalan fortunes are built.

Jose Luis, 48, is typical of the migrants. Every year he brings his wife, Maria, and their five children to a coffee estate near Barberena, on the Pacific slopes. With only one-tenth of an acre of land in their home village, there is no other way they can raise cash to buy the food they need. The day is spent under the tropical sun, picking ripe red berries from the branches of the coffee bushes. Pay is by result, averaging \$1.50 a day. The Luis family, like all migrants, spends the night in a palace or gallery—a vast tin roof over a mud floor, without walls, water supply or toilets. Luis and 11 others have built little rooms here for their families, out of split bamboo. Another 80 families from the same village live in low, leaky tents of straw, about three feet by six, heating up to 140 or 150 degrees. Disease runs rife in the little makeshift huts. Deaths are commonplace.

Further down the road are two pillars of another typical style—concrete-walled shacks, each one housing an acre-dwelling 200 people in a narrow 30 yards wide by 30 yards long and 25 feet high. In the gloomy interiors people sleep on long wooden platforms, stacked one on top of another like shelves, five layers deep in the centre, three deep by the walls. Each person sleeps in a space two feet, six inches wide, separated by planks from the adjacent sleepers. Privacy is nonexistent. People lie down to sleep in their working clothes, unshowered.

The normal lives controlling pay and conditions are largely unshared. Only of festive peasant organizations could fight for their enforcement—but peasant leaders are systematically murdered. Land reform could give the peasants the means (and, drawing them from the need to work on the big estates). But Guatemala's elite, a closely knit oligarchy of commercial, landed and military interests, looks safely ensconced in power. An upheaval of the kind that has revolutionized nearby Nicaragua is not seen in prospect. The plight of José Luis and his 15 million fellow migrants may not change for a long time. ☐



"Dad and I decided it was time to go back to Martinson's Creek to do what we hadn't done since '63."

"We dug up my old shot of Dad"

"The four of us headed back to the cottage, fired our catch and enjoyed a Canadian Club C.C.'s just right. Its smooth and light taste has made it 'The Best In The House', in 87 lands. And as Dad says, C.C.'s a tradition that's been going on for over 120 years. I told him he should know; that's how long it'll take him to catch another decent fish."

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"It was great having Dad and Mom along"





The green green slime of home

By David Weinberger

It is hard not to ascribe malice to it. In the past decade it has spread from one end of Canada to the other like a plague in the aquatic journals it is *Macrophyleia opercularis* L., or Equisetum watercress. To the residents of Chemung Lake, three miles from Peterborough and 60 miles northwest of Toronto, it is just "the weed." From the Edingers' kitchen table the southern four miles of the lake are visible so far this year the weeds have not made their appearance. They will, though. Cottagers are strewn along the banks, and here and there in the hills across a barn shows itself. Even after the ice melts even after the summer tourists have spent half of their holidays on the lake, no one will be sure just how bad the weeds will be this year. Not till mid-August will they know if the crop will be excessively excessive or just under-stand so in nearly every description of the situation the vocabulary of malice comes pouring itself forward beneath the surface the weeds back; they threaten to choke the shoreline and to create impenetrable patches in the middle of the lake. In fact, if the residents

Chemung Lake (overseer) expect predator for Canadian Westinghouse in Hamilton, Ontario. When it became clear he was not advancing the couple bought their present business on the southern tip of Chemung Lake, part of the Kawartha district, an important vacation spot for thousands of southern Ontarians. "Kawartha means land of the shining waters," Arloselle says in her accented English. "It sounds fancy, but it's true. You make up on a summer morning and the lake is just shining. We have horses and cows," she says, taking out a snapshot of purple martins clustered around a three-story birdhouse. "You can sit on the lawn and watch the baby loons being taught to dive." Her eyes now are like the lake she has been describing. These stories of beauty contrast sharply with the rest of their lake. With a rail and wheelbarrow they have at times pulled from the lake a wall of weeds five feet high and up to 450 feet long. Through arduous labor they keep their swimming area clear, but the weeds are endless. Last year was, in fact, the worst year since 1969. And it is not likely to get better: the natural life cycle of Chemung Lake, as well as most others in the district, has been modestly accelerated by the presence of malice. Chemung Lake is growing old in an alarming hurry.

Michael Murphy, central area manager of the Trent-Severn Waterway of which Chemung is a part, calls the aging eutrophication. Left to themselves, lakes slowly become enriched with nutrients which stimulate plant growth. "Ecologically it would take thousands and thousands of years to happen by itself," he says in his office overlooking the broad wet Chemung which are part of his responsibility, but "we're speeding it up." The "we" refers to everybody in the community. The farmers use fertilizer, the cattle leave their own fertilizer, septic tanks hold rich compost, 60 to 80 per cent of which eventually washes into the Kawartha

did not fight back against these vegetal predators they would take over the whole lake.

Thirty years after leaving Austria, Max and Antanette Edingers find they have a comfortable life—which for them means one including hard work—running the 40 trailers and nine cabins of Lancaster Cottage and Trailer Park. For 18 years Max worked in a factory.

The Edingers: no permanent solution



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one step to the next; can cook a 3-course meal in spacious 1-4 cu. ft. interior. Plus 10 multi-power settings; temperature probe, L.E.D. readout and clock. 227 496 991 DL. Portable cart holds oven and accessories. 227 496 300 DL. Reg. \$99.98. Now \$79.98.

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Lakes system. Water weeds thrive in the rich broth. When the weeds die, they dissolve and further enrich the lake.

This is not to say that Chemung Lake is by any means polluted. There are no industries on its shores dumping chemicals into it. The water is clear—in fact, miltail helps make the water clearer by nibbling the growth of algae in many instances—and some residents say that in the springtime it is even drinkable. (Murphy has not heard this, but is skeptical.) "Personally, I wouldn't drink it," his fish are unconcerned by the chemicals poisoning other lakes in the area. "Like fish are edible" is a common

and decay into smelly green slime. Obnoxious insects breed in the islands. Even waterfowl do not like to eat the stuff. The islands have been known to cover 80 per cent of the water surface of a lake. Biologically speaking, it is a splendidly successful species.

It is a problem no one is the Keweenaw area wants to play up, for tourism brings in \$50 million every year. The owner of a marina on Chemung Lake seems almost unaware of the weed. "Oh, I hear some

data have turned to Regione A, a chemical which sinks to the bottom and kills the weeds. It seems to work well on the isolated patches that are treated, in fact, the Trent-Severn canal system is kept navigable by it. But government permission must be had to use the chemical, and people must stay out of the water—and not let animals drink from it—for 30 hours after its application. It is not a permanent solution.

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and ultimately depressing boat of Chemung's residents.

Reveries the Ellingers, who fight the stuff with a cheerful determination supported by their love of the lake, and people like Murphy who have the scientific sense as well, there is a third personality here that of miltail itself. According to a study in the *Canadian Journal of Plant Science* in 1976, Raritan miltail was only introduced to this continent in the late 19th century, appearing first in the Chesapeake Bay area of Virginia. In 1961 it was first spotted in Canada in Rideau Provincial Park on Lake Erie. By the early 1970s miltail was recognized as a problem, not only in the Keweenaw Lakes, but also in Georgian Park in Quebec. It is an implacable foe: in 1970 the weed was identified in Chemung Lake in B.C. and by 1978 the provincial government had given up hopes of eradicating it, concentrating instead on merely containing the infestation before it clogged drains and sewers. Miltail is as ugly as it is malicious. The individual plant consists of several stems, which can grow to 15 feet in height, from which sprout feathery leaves (miltail means a thousand leaves). When the plant reaches the lake surface it begins growing, reaching with its six like a plate of slimy spaghetti, forming islands which can support frogs and small birds. The leaves get so thick they can stop the propellers of speedboats. Uprooted plants wash onto the beaches

prophetic, miltail at the south end of the lake have some." Fishing, many say, has never been better. Antennae Ellinger says, "Last year people would go out in a boat for an hour and come back with their limit, six quakes."

Reveries the Ellingers, who fight the stuff with a cheerful determination supported by their love of the lake, and people like Murphy who have the scientific sense as well, there is a third personality here that of miltail itself. According to a study in the *Canadian Journal of Plant Science* in 1976, Raritan miltail was only introduced to this continent in the late 19th century, appearing first in the Chesapeake Bay area of Virginia. In 1961 it was first spotted in Canada in Rideau Provincial Park on Lake Erie. By the early 1970s miltail was recognized as a problem, not only in the Keweenaw Lakes, but also in Georgian Park in Quebec. It is an implacable foe: in 1970 the weed was identified in Chemung Lake in B.C. and by 1978 the provincial government had given up hopes of eradicating it, concentrating instead on merely containing the infestation before it clogged drains and sewers. Miltail is as ugly as it is malicious. The individual plant consists of several stems, which can grow to 15 feet in height, from which sprout feathery leaves (miltail means a thousand leaves). When the plant reaches the lake surface it begins growing, reaching with its six like a plate of slimy spaghetti, forming islands which can support frogs and small birds. The leaves get so thick they can stop the propellers of speedboats. Uprooted plants wash onto the beaches

The provincial government shares the concern. In 1975 the ministry of the environment began harvesting the weeds using machine-like floating machines, at a yearly budget of \$150,000. They then found that after a week in the reeporter the weeds yielded a mixture which, when added to soil, was extremely good for growing vegetables. The Ellingers know this already, it is the only fertilizer they use in their garden. But the experiment on Chemung ended in 1978, and now no one is harvesting. Max Ellinger thinks the province has shown considerable interest in the lake. There is more worry than relief when he says, "They told us if they harvested for a certain number of years it would decrease, but it hasn't yet." He would like to see the province continue the harvesting program.

In place of harvesting, many re-

A permanent solution is difficult to envisage for the problem is in a sense a natural one. The lake is polluted, not with something artificial, but with something as natural as eutrophication as natural. Eutrophication, as natural, it would go on eventually even if humans never grazed the scene. But the environment now includes man, and the border between a natural and a man-made problem is impossible to set. How does one keep a lake ridged by extinction from picking up what spills over from that civilization? Certainly a better sewer system would help the farmers will continue to use fertilizer. If man does not intervene, Chemung Lake will become more and more enriched, eutrophication will speed up and the weeds will be the natural victims. Man will continue to intervene, however, attempting to keep nature from following its natural or unnatural course.

"People complain about humans, but ours is on the opening because we help ourselves by doing a lot of work," says Max Ellinger. Is a snapshot his wife provides, he looks bent over the lake-shore as he takes in a fresh state. Beside him is one of his two chubbly German shepherds and a whistling already full of the stuff. It is a photograph of the blurred border between nature and artifact.

Benson & Hedges 100's Lights

BENSON & HEDGES 100's LIGHTS

"B&H, I like your style."

Sex makes the teens go 'round

Contrary to the view implied in your article on Tom Sisk (Cover, March 30), I do not regard sincerity and the ability to communicate sufficient prerequisites for sex. I feel that sex without the proper commitment is like a car without a driver. The car may move and the consequences are unerrful. It has to be a commitment based on unconditional love, otherwise the process of digestion can easily break down when faults appear or emotions flare. Consider the relationship between a man and a shaky friendless uncle who to build a relationship *has* to belong to him. It belongs to a love that doesn't depend on performance or mere attraction. It belongs to that state depicted by the poet, "I am a lover for some victim, for some, in actions and in thought, death do us part."

WILLIAM E. MCKEE, KENNETH GALT



To do, or not to do: that is the question.

I object to Canada's national news-magazine having its cover and feature story on sex—sex at any age. If I chose to read about that tiresome subject, I'd subscribe to a sex magazine.

EVEN TUNICATEL
WILL BECOME FALLING

To soothe the savage breast

In your article *Workingman's Rock Music* (Music, March 17), you called Circus a "cheapie rock" magazine. I believe that many people may hold contrary views on this subject. I am speaking for myself and numerous friends when I

say that I consider Circuit to be one of the best rock magazines on the market.

today. The fact that it has been able to compete with established magazines like *Creem*, and that about a year and a half ago it became a weekly publication, proves that many people do not consider it to be a cheap rock magazine. It is not a teen-idol magazine either. If you would give the publishers the consideration of reading one of their issues you would find that they have no silly content or slogans. Their sole purpose is to inform the public of the most popular music of the country.

TONY HAMILTON, BELLEVUE MAN

Gremlins in the stew

In your article *Sashstefen was Shown the Wealth* (Canada, March 31), Suzanne Swann writes "Those conjured up ghosts, goblins and gnomes from the unforgiving landscape of his homeland Sweden." Sweden, eh? If Henrik Ibsen's homeland was Sweden, then Bjørn Borg is the pride of Norway.

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Sermon on the mount

I really enjoyed your personable human interest story on our "risky Canucks" (A Little Matter of Russian Amateurs, Sports, March 17). I think that these four young men have done a great deal to promote both a sport and an identity for Canada. We may not always win in these major sporting events, but through the intelligence, sensitivity and all-round good sportsmanship that Rod, Podhorsky, Irvn and Murray project, we certainly come out on top. I, for one, certainly hope that they continue to ski for Canada because they are winners to me!

LINSEY YATON, WELLSVILLE, CNT

Unusual deserts

That any Canadian, regardless of where he or she may have originated, should have to face the type of justice described in your article *After the Boston, a Home for Sale* (Canada, March 18) is abominable. What is even worse is the fact that the father of the culprit concealed what his son did and laid a civil charge on the already assaulted party. Respect for others and their property should be taught!

W.J. GAGER,
SOUTHAMPTON, ONT

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Wackan's magazine*, 181 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A7.



There are few cars worth comparing it to.

Such comparison statements are usually more easily made than substantiated. In the case of the Profumo, we have some authoritative substantiation. It comes from Brock Yates, former Senior Editor of *Car & Driver* magazine, expert commentator on automotive events for ABC's *Wipe Out*, *World of Sports* and five-time *automotive journalist*.



in an article in the March, 1980 Motor Trend magazine here's what he had to say: "The Packard is, by any sane measure, a splendid automobile I know; I own one. The machine, like all Hondas, embodies fabrication that is, in my opinion, surpassed only by the narrowest of margins by Mercedes-Benz."

"Like the Accord I owned before it, the drum-lightness of the Prelude made an immediate impact. The detailing of the paint, the fit of the door panels, the operation of the window lifts, latches, etc., all represented quality not to be found in a number of cars costing twice as much."

While the points Brock Yates makes about quality are interesting, they are not the only points that set a Prelude apart. The stan-

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Letters

Give us this day

Pierre Berton, in his article *A Pause That Preserves* (Podium, March 24), said "we believe in the shock value of a holiday. We need something startling to shake the nation from its lethargy." Agreed. But one new national holiday in all we're going to get, and in my opinion it shouldn't be Heritage Day, which looks to the past, but Energy Day, which looks to the future. It is around energy, not historical preservation, that our most dangerous lethargy problem lies.

ANTHONY J. FATTORUSSO, OTTAWA

Truth or consequences

Your Letter From a Not-So-Absent Friend (Podium, March 31) by Rabbi Abraham Feinberg should encourage all Canadians to be "true to ourselves." His hope "that as a united people you will continue to remain humanity that the way of economic and environmental ruin also be the way of courage" should be echoed as the hope of all true Canadians.

C. MURPHY LORGE, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Talk-show showdown

If I had a vote in the referendum, it would certainly be "no" (Ramp's Express Lovers Street, Canada, March 21). Then all the rest of Canada could resort to a national English, ending this divisive bilingualism, saving untold millions of dollars, and hence, once again, a united, cohesive country.

DELL HEATHER, OSTA, B.C.

As an English Canadian who has lived in Quebec City for the past two years and follows with interest the referendum debate, I take strong issue with the tone of your reporting but, more importantly, feel your readers outside of Quebec are being sold a bill of goods. In ordinary times, this sort of reporting would simply be part of the explanation for why Canada has two conflicting sides. However, these are not ordinary times. Federalists and sovereigntists alike are engaged in a serious and sincere debate about the future of Quebec society. Regardless of which side wins the referendum, English Canadians will have to come up with a serious and sincere response of their own. If the quality of information they are getting from *Mailweek* is any indication, that response is instead going to be wholly ludicrous and, in the end, all Canada will suffer.

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Follow-up

A victim takes on the system

It has been just nine months since the Bernard Pagnon stood in the dock in an out-petted courtroom accused of being the "gentleman bandit." Pagnon in Winnipeg, Delaware, alleged that the devil had gotten into Pagnon and that he had committed six armed robberies. The tall, gaunt Roman Catholic priest was identified by a string of witnesses as the polite, almost charming rubber who never failed to say "please" and "thank you" as he passed a small chrome-plated pistol at shopkeepers and took their money.

His conviction seemed almost certain until another man—stricken by conscience—suddenly and dramatically confessed to the crimes (Maclean's, Sept. 30, 1986). The police admitted it was a case of mistaken identity. Pagnon's desperate plea of innocence went at last accepted and the charges against him were dismissed.

But the case had very nearly become a great miscarriage of justice, and in the wake of his release the priest described his ordeal as dozens of radio and television talk shows across the country. He received thousands of letters from other victims of similar mistakes, and that convinced Pagnon that there had to be a deep reason for his trial and that something "good" had to come out of it. So early this month he set about forming a national organization to lobby for "justice in the criminal justice system."

"I hope my organization will have offices in Washington and in all of the states," the priest told Maclean's. "I know that a great many Americans now get a rough time at the hands of the law. For example, I was severely charged with eight counts of armed robbery. But in the preliminary trial two of the witnesses said that I was not the man, and one of them made a fool of the police evidence. As a result, two charges were dropped." But, Pagnon said, "the court ruled that we couldn't even mention this in the regular trial, so the jury never knew about it."

Pagnon's odds in the case came to more than \$70,000—the sort of unreasonable price tag on justice that his organization will "try to do something about. The point, in particular, are rights of inquiry." William Lowther

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LEVESQUE'S 'OUI' MOMENTUM



By David Thomas

In times of tedious calm, René Lévesque is as irascible and acidic as a cranky old pump sucking air from an empty

well. When the pressure returns, his mien becomes clatter as he falls into the determined purr of a smooth-running piston. Wednesday, sweet nothing is rivulets from his tongue as he tells the 57-year-old footboard stand before a spellbound crowd in the Chaudière River Valley town of Ste-Marie and gloats he is at the peak of his power to bully and bewitch Quebecers into national independence. Grandiloquently, under a five-star backdrop of a boldly lettered "oui" soaring skyward, the Quebec premier proclaimed: "A 'yes' will mean the end of a long beginning—and the beginning of the affirmation of our maturity as a people."

By the end of the first week of official campaigning which culminates May 30 in the referendum vote, Lévesque looked like a winner, partly because principal adversary Claude Ryan was acting like a loser (see box, page 28). Friday, Ryan convoked a press conference to convey his exorcism message that unfair media coverage is responsible for his campaign's underdog image, but that he would not revise his shockingly strategy which mixes terrorism and extortion newspapers to win major campaign events. Instead, he proposed creation of an impartial media surveillance committee for the duration of the fight. The stationer's former newspaper



Lévesque (top and above) looking off the referendum campaign. Ryan (left) took 'yes' fight oneshotback for TV



editor appeared to be snarled between ears as he tried to run a mean-spirited, whistle-stop campaign from a Q-8.

In contrast to the colossusousness of Ryan, who rarely vacations, Lévesque's face was tanned for television as he began his campaign refreshed by a week in Bermuda. The Parti Québécois leader's campaign is orchestrated for TV. He plans to shuttle between the stadiums of Montreal and Quebec City, rarely following Ryan into the hinterland. There will be no monster rallies and the "oui" ads, opponents believe mass meetings of neoconservative frights and deluded voters. But the "yes" forces are running an immense grassroots campaign, peddling amphibiousness, factory floors and even families to create their own official "yes" committee sections. The "yes" committee is, legally, independent of political parties. But inside its colonnaded vote headquarters on

Montreal's stylish rue St-Denis, where students and the French-speaking avant-garde set up and go on to the night, the organizational hierarchy is heavy with government-guided politics from the ranks of PQ ministers. Most are veterans of the party's victory in 1985 election campaign, while Ryan's organization—purged of the Liberal party's old gang of renegades but effective strategists—is a makeshift drawn from four federalist parties more comfortable building than riding with each other.

The readiness of the government campaign—see Lévesque's detailed travel itineraries for the entire campaign were prepared before the referendum date was announced—explains the 35-day duration of the campaign, the longest in history. Within hours of the outcome of the referendum vote Tuesday, Quebec was prepared with "our" position in a brief document to encourage belief that "our" momentum is building for a government victory. Lévesque said partly selfishly that "yes" strategy is successful: "It's not a war—we have numbers showing us there's no war and that we'll have to work very hard—but there means to be a career in the

Nobody can call Claude Ryan slick

As a public speaker, Claude Ryan may be Quebec's answer to Bertin. He may also be surprisingly polite and effective in private, and he may be stubbornly insisting the "non" forces in Quebec's referendum campaign looked an honorable defeat—but he cannot be accused of being slick. In fact, in his first concentrated week of campaigning, he behaved as if television were still showing newscast impromptu to human communication. His may, of course, be right. He is a helpful entrepreneur getting it right in contrast to Quebecers' personality between now and May 20.

In fact a little slickness might have prevented the first week of the Ryan campaign from turning into a series of comic misadventures, as the leader and his 25-member press troupe crisscrossed highways and central Quebec in an Air Canada 300 it unofficially dubbed *Soleil Azur*—a reference to a vulgar remark Ryan made about a Paris Québec member. Ryan based his whole campaign to level a jab at the community north of Montreal for a press conference at which he was the only man who did not endorse his "non" option. Then there were the evening circles where audiences walked out while Ryan was speaking. There was the temperately replaced press bus (found by a reporter)

speaking. If we work well and are sufficiently successful, I would hope we could surpass 50 per cent, which would be extraordinary."

Already, the premier is anticipating victory by setting out a deadline for the start of talks on simultaneous Quebec accession to independence and monetary union with the rest of Canada. "I would say that around the end of summer or the very beginning of autumn we should be figuring out how to open negotiations. That prospect seemed unlikely unless Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, suffers a radical change of heart (see page 20).

Federalist dismay and good "yes" organization is only partly responsible for Lévesque's campaign breakdown. More important, in his campaign, which ignores the subtextual threat of a French Quebec. It's an appeal both to pride and fear, pride that Quebecers could thrive as an independent people and fear that, if they don't, they will become a discrim-

inating minority doomed to extinction. To the more than 300 people who came to hear him open his campaign in Rimouski, Lévesque extolled "the new generation of Quebec businessmen" whose success is a guarantee of economic security. It's exactly that sort of message, that self-confidence in every domain, which is the most remarkable characteristic of Quebec society. He recalled Quebec's nationalization of hydroelectric power—after the 1982 election campaign in which he, as minister of natural resources, convinced voters to defy the private companies' doomsday warnings. But, he complained angrily, Canada is holding Quebec back. "It's an effective duty to make our government, to push back their limits. If we continue to be manipulated excessively from the outside as we are now, we will never attain the po-

mon
NON
est
québécois



Ryan with his own (left) and Lévesque's (right) "non" belief: some educational systems

missing mathematics, adult social systems in child-care, health care and even toll bridges.

But Ryan's real problem was that he was trying to sell a negative cause—trying to convince Quebecers that a "non" vote would open up Ottawa, while remembering the conviction, when a "non" would lead to disaster. He says he doesn't want to go on tour, but it is that the PQ's promise of a second referendum is meaningless, fear that a "non" vote is the last irreversible step down a slippery path to secession. The last few evident last weeks when the "non" committee unveiled its luncheon—former premiers Jean Lesage and Robert Bourassa. Both made arguments for Canada but the underlying tone was defensive, the ultimate message negative. "Don't take this risk. Like Ryan they are

worried about the "non" vote from federalists who may be planning to vote "yes" to prevent Ottawa to change. But who do not want separation, and about their own role in the second referendum and next provincial election as adequate insurance against any dramatic moves by René Lévesque.

Ryan accuses the "non" of intellectual corruption and—the world alone in his belief—of being "Molly Maguires." Ryan has already in reason over passion and nothing makes him more than the "non" distortion of the facts, and its remarkably successful appeal to emotions. In fact this leading mistake may be Ryan's greatest political handicap—he often seems to be ambushed by sudden anger as he speaks, and even his best efforts are unimpaired. Helping safety Ryan even thought to bring political opponents by returning to Ottawa language when he is called out to strengthen Quebec Montreal's legions down on all fronts to look at evidence



Lévesque on the referendum hearings. You may not be so convinced.

mental and the goals we have a right to. Then follows a flurry of charges against the constitution and the federal government, against of Quebec's shipbuilding industry, the choice of the F18-A fighter plane which, Lévesque calculates, means fewer benefits for Quebec

than the competing F-35, the British North American A-10 interference with Quebec's attempt to nationalize a major asbestos mine. All that shows "the inequality of our two peoples." Now comes the central theme of the "yes" campaign. "This inequality must be corrected, and this is the heart of the debate between the 'yes' and the 'no'."

That appeal for equality lets the "yes" committee get away with using the word "Canada" and the red maple leaf beside the fleur-de-lis on its advertising—something Ryan's "non" forces don't dare do for fear of appearing to be agents of English Canada. In the end, Lévesque's biggest argument in English Canada's apparent inability to cope with the prospect of profound change without a brutal clash of a "yes" vote. A "no," he, on the other hand, would "keep us in the status quo but with even less strength because we would have refused change. It would mean another 25 years of going around in circles."

So far, participation in the referendum campaign by non-Quebecers has tended to backfire. The thought of outlying English-Canadian, usually lecturing Quebecers on their future together deluged some ministers. Lévesque was cautious when told that Ontario Premier William Davis was ready to rush to Ryan's aid. "If Mr. Davis wants to make speeches here, more power to him—it may help us. Could you see us, as the premier of Quebec, going to Ontario and telling them to look out Bill Davis' government?"

Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford, too, gave Lévesque an unwitting boost by demanding that the federal government approve a \$100 million in construction of cables across its territory to carry Labrador power to other

English-speaking provinces. That didn't sit well in a province whose residents still consider Labrador to be land thrust from Quebec.

English Canada's only prominent anomaly to cross the border into Quebec last week was author Pierre Berton, who addressed more than 3,000 members of Quebec City's dwindling anglophone community Wednesday in the Chateau Frontenac's ballroom. "No" organizers had pleaded English names from the city's telephone directory to fill the room, but Berton seemed to be savoring his remarks at Quebec francophone.

Le comité
des NONS
pour le
OUI.



phones. "My heroes are your heroes," he said, "and they make sense of the early explorers with French names." And, later, "Your literary heritage is part of my heritage and I grew up reading Quebec writers like Roger Lévesque, Gabrielle Roy and many others." After his speech, Berton explained that he knew the error was English-speaking but that he was using the common to reach Quebec francophones. "My remarks were addressed to the media—these people are already convinced. I'm speaking to a larger group." Fortunately, perhaps, for a man who mispronounced the name of a cherished French-Canadian author (Ray as in Rogers, rather than "ray"), Quebec's French-speaking media largely ignored the event, except because most francophones don't know who Berton is.

But then, some of the anglophone organizers of the Berton night didn't recognize a particularly prominent Quebecer traversing the Chateau Frontenac lobby. One patron took a "no" position into the hall of a bewitched Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau who, when asked if he was there for the rally, replied, "No. I'm here for the bar." Then, leading off to his post-humorous, a confident Parizeau stuffed the referendum position into his pocket with the remark, "This will make a nice souvenir someday." ☐



People to People's unity position in unity. Bank, and (above) pack his gear for delivery: a political schism.

Catching English Canada asleep at the switch

By Robert Lewis

Pierre Minister Pierre Trudeau is never at ease attending splashy parties but that doesn't hold nothing to do with his no-show at the season-opening ball at Government House last week. Trudeau stayed home Monday night in protest to monetary bug swatches of a speech he had heard four days. The four-day address, televised live in Quebec from the Governor's next day, marked Trudeau's official change into the referendum campaign. It was one of the prime minister's scheduled lectures on federalism and, after the opening work of the campaign, it was clear in worried Ottawa circles that the federalists' hopes can use all of his ferocious energies.

The thought of victory for René Lévesque's "oui" team was only one source of gloom on the Robson Green's "no" vote wouldn't be the end. A victory for Claude Ryan's "oui" forces might, as Trudeau expects, amount to a "yes" for a new Confederation deal that Lévesque still regards as post-referendum prize, severe discussion could not be said. Indeed, Lévesque could not sit in subjugation to his own back home to assert the facility of dealing with Ottawa and call a provincial election. Federalists also have to deal with Quebec's warring political schism, which results in massive majorities for "Pro Quebec" and "Liberalism" in Ottawa, and high popularity ratings for both Trudeau and Lévesque. Indeed, every Quebec voter has had elected for them a network of four security blankets. The May 20 referendum, a provincial election when they could elect

Ryan, a second referendum when they could reject sovereignty if they kept Lévesque—is any ranking of the presence of Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa.

The other disappointment for federalists in Ottawa is the new that, for the most part, English Canada is asleep at the switch. A cross-Canada survey by *Maclean's* correspondents last week showed clearly that interest in the May 20 vote was minimal outside the offices of premiers, their federal provincial relations offices and unity organizations. The People to People, which has gathered 80,000 signatures on a "My Love You Quebec" petition in Calgary, for example, the referendum didn't even rate against a major local dispute touched off by Mayor Ron Abernethy, who allowed that the sewer in the downtown parade of prostitutes might be a nightlight district.

At times the tension and frustration in the Ottawa camp produced private expressions of Claude Ryan's dislike of the "no" campaign and public books of fear-mongering. The most excessive hostility came from Consumer Affairs Minister André Cufflet, who charged that separatism had infiltrated all levels of Quebec society, especially Radio Canada, and that "in any other country around the world they would have been asked, they would have been chased, they would have been jailed in a number of countries they would have been shot." Suched one single referendum strategy. "It definitely wasn't part of the strategy and it wasn't particularly useful."

Other Quebec ministers in Trudeau's government warned the people that under Lévesque's scheme they could

lose social benefits and economic incentives from Ottawa. Energy Minister Marc Lalonde argued that a typical family would spend as extra \$1,250 per year without the federal rebate. Trudeau, in contrast, took the high road of logic and position for Canada. "The greatest enemy," he said, "is within." To triumph, Canada must "build bridges" and develop "loyalty to the whole country." He appealed for "a massive 'no'" to Lévesque as a signal from the Quebecers that they want a renewed federalism, not independence.

But it was when Trudeau turned to the likely failure from a "no" victory



that he addressed Lévesque directly—a reminder of what a personal battle this is for Trudeau against a man he once dismissed as "pale as a bloody peasant." Trudeau told the Canadians he did not recognize any separatism, mainly because the new English premiers report it. If Lévesque did that to talk separatism, he would say "Mr. Lévesque, you do not have a mandate to discuss sovereignty purely and simply because you did not ask the question purely and simply in your referendum."

Puffed question or not, a good deal of

Ottawa, thinking already has turned to what to do if Lévesque wins. One probable scenario would be a senior referendum by Ottawa, a fact that has always been in the arsenal and one that Trudeau last week said he has not discarded. But for now, Trudeau joins Ryan in stressing the opposition by nine premiers to sovereignty-association. What troubles Ottawa is that a possible poll in Quebec announced by the Clark government revealed that fully 25 per cent of Quebecers were anxious last December and January that the English premiers had rejected sovereignty-association. Accordingly, pressure is mounting on Alberta Premier



Peter Lougheed and Ontario's William Davis to bring their message to Quebec, where speeches would get better press coverage. At week's end Lougheed had not made up his mind, while Davis was planning a Quebec appearance in consultation with Ryan. A single session of Davis at his word, even his comfortable Ontario presence, might be used against the union, especially by those of celebrated instances in which his government has mismanaged demands by francophones for French schools. Says a Davis aide: "We'll take the good with the bad. We'll still be ahead if we can just get across the fact that we operate the third-largest publicly supported French school system, after France and Quebec."

Federalist forces also are convinced that Lougheed could make an effective Quebec pitch by reiterating previous assertions that as independent Quebec would no longer have access to low-cost Canadian oil. Ottawa survey reveal that in Quebec there is a distorted sense of provincial energy resources while those supplied said that Hydro-Quebec supplied 65 per cent of the province's energy needs, in fact that 65 per cent of



Trudeau, with (left) Ryan and O'Brien, "you do not have a mandate."

energy consumption is from oil—electricity accounts for only 24 per cent.

The only English premier so far to speak out is Quebec's René Robitaille's Allan Rock. He reinforced his "no" to sovereignty-association by noting that westerners would see no economic sense in such a deal and that a "no" will encourage people to say "Goodbye and good luck." Not surprisingly, the Blakey pitch is quoted repeatedly by Ryan and Jean Chretien, co-ordinator for the federal team in Ottawa. While Ryan thinks it would be "vulnerable" if Lougheed and Davis follow Blakeney's lead, he wants to avoid the appearance that the federalists are concentrating a group-up by outsiders. The Ottawa deals have similar apprehensions, although they are pulling out all stops, including a plan to send the Discovery Train, a showcase of Canada, also-chasing out of Ottawa ahead of schedule to reach Montreal and Shawinigan during the referendum.

Reaching Halifax or Vancouver is another story. In St. John's, Newfoundland, critics in newspapers debate the Middle East but not the referendum. Comments Michael Harrington, editor of *The Evening Telegram*.

"We detect a lackadaisical, almost indifferent attitude." The mood, he says, is fuelled by a historic sense of extended provocation in the Atlantic region. But there are some promising signs. Arthur Denahan, a 61 provincial member in Nova Scotia who chaired a well-travelled legislative committee on the constitution, says in a column: "There is a certain resistance here to any kind of change. But if you ask people, 'Are you prepared to pay the price to keep Canada together?' they'll say 'yes.'" Out of a sense that the Atlantic

should get the constitutional act together, industrialist and longshore CIO crew Lloyd Shaw has announced that two conferences will be held in May and July for the premiers and academics. "What worries me," says Shaw, "is that this region may not be heard in the final rounds of bargaining. What's worse, it is not clear that we even know what we want to say."

In Ontario, where Davis plays a special role as the embodiment of English Canada to French-speaking Quebecers, the government often seems more conscious of not arousing red-necks than opening doors to neighboring Quebec. Typically, when People to People is asked to get ethnic companies to re-include in petitions with monthly letters, Ontario Hydro said no—far fear of getting involved.

In the West, reaction at the grassroots ranges from indifference to hostility, although political leaders are trying to promote accommodation. Saskatchewan's Attorney-General Roy Romanow says sadly: "A lot of people don't believe Quebec separation will ever happen. Some don't know anything about the issue at all, others don't care. Then there are some who get agitated after they say, 'Let them go, we don't need them anyway.'"

The role of the western premiers in the referendum happens to be a prime target at their regional summit in Lethbridge, Alberta, this week. Even at the government level, as Trudeau put it last week, "it is too late" to influence the referendum with specific commitments to renewed federalism. His conclusion: "I do not think anything between now and May 20 would appear in Quebec that would change more than a death-bed repentance. It is not the time now to cry over spilt milk, nor to attempt to mop up."



"The bureaucrats didn't know how to handle Jim." He was also, as one former minister admits, as clumsy as any politician in throwing stones to slide away or stand and fight. He wanted three things: broader powers for the auditor-general to scan the government's books measuring value for money; stricter internal audits by the government itself, headed by a comptroller-general; and far more open financial reporting to the Commons. He won the wider powers in the Auditor-General Act in 1977. Success on the audits has been spotty, with a comptroller-general (Harry Rogers) installed in 1978, but none yet in any department. And there is no more candid, intelligible reporting to Parliament has clearly raised Macdonell's stature.

"I remain deeply concerned," says his report. "That the new Parliament's control of the public purse is at best fragile." In a press conference he blasted "tootie-dee-dee" by government and appealed directly to ministers for urgent action. With a newly elected Commons, the time is right and will never be better. Treasury Board President Joe Johnston responded in the House with the hope that "experimental" spending reports will be tried out on Parliament in the next few months. Macdonell,



Ottawa, Toronto government blocks, high-rise structures to avoid higher rents.

Macdonell explains, are office can't figure out what the bureaucracy is doing until long after it's done. Raising a tenure in which his own office budget soared from \$4.6 million the year before he joined to \$25.8 million this year, Macdonell confesses disappointments. At least 200 of his recommendations lie untouched by government and the shifting of much of the government staff remains scanty.

Among the most dramatic finds in the latest report: productivity among the 50,000 public-service clerks averages 60.8 per cent of an approved standard, dismal compared to 87.7 per cent earned in private-sector companies. But management is one possible reason, raising output to 80 per cent would save taxpayer in the country \$35, yearly. Still, Macdonell feels the Treasury Board "seems to be mounting schemes" "They live feasibility—looking around with a million here and there."

John Hay

Through a lens looking darkly

"This country must be aware of complete control of broadcasting from Canadian sources. Free from foreign interference or influence. Without such control radio broadcasting can never become a great industry as it has in the United States." —Prime Minister R.B. Bennett, 1932

I still seemed like a nightmarish bad intruder comedy, suspense and irony. Even the cast doesn't change in a Hall, Quebec, conference room, various experts from all facets of the communications industry have for the past month debated pay-television and satellite transmission before a government committee which shows no inclination to move quickly on the matter. Meanwhile, illegal "dish" antennas have sprouted across the country, an estimated 750 of them now, focused on American satellites beaming American programs. Most of these dishes supply lights entertainment and prepaid pay-TV entertainment-stuffed, remote communities, but everyone in that tastefully lighted Hall now knows this is just a first batch of things to come. The bureaucrats are talking about ways to bolt the door while many in the in-

dustry say the horse has already left the barn. Some worry that if Ottawa doesn't move quickly, it may lose not only the horse but the barn, the horse and the nationalist shirts of their backs.

The hearings before the special committee of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) wound up last week. Little new has been added to what was said at the two previous hearings on pay-TV since 1975, or for that matter will be heard at

a later hearing should the committee recommend that the CRTC give pay-TV the nod. On the one hand there are the cable-TV operators. They want to use satellites to deliver pay-TV and expand their business into program creation as well as distribution. Their present business is stagnating. Of every 10 households in Canada, six already have cable, and the CRTC regulates the industry's rates. The cable operators are terrified that Bell Canada will eventually snare their business with its glass-fibre cables which carry everything from phone calls to dollar to two-way (interactive) television.

Turner of WCTO in Atlanta: a scope of old sitcoms and movies via satellite.



On the other hand are the broadcasters. They are unstably concerned about an impending era when satellites deliver up to 100 channels into their market. In the U.S., network monopolies are ready to talk about an end to the broadcast era by the end of this decade. The bottom station in the U.S. now is Ted Turner's WTCO in Atlanta, a favorite in northern Canada. Turner's range of old sitcoms and movies is distributed by satellite to cable operators, reaching five million homes in 46 states and at least four provinces and two territories.

With due recognition of where the fate lies, the CRTC has recommended that the corner of any such future arrives as pay-TV bid instead from the program-makers. It argues that a combination of the two could lead to discriminatory pricing policy. It is a tenuous argument, given that broadcasters now carry on both sides, and in the past have done little to develop the same independent producers they now seek to protect. But consensus is not important where survival is concerned. And the broadcaster fees for material is a market frustrated by the 16 satellite channels the cable operators want—in any nothing of competition from the 100 channels of programming now radiated across the continent by eight satellites over the equator.

The broadcasters have banded together (CBC, CTV, Quebec's TVA) to recommend a national pay-TV company controlled by themselves. They suggest it be a channel of high quality U.S. entertainment—dominant for the highest possible revenues. All (this would be) be channelled into Canadian programming which would, initially, be broadcast over the networks.

The cable operators agree on the monopoly but they want it shared equally between broadcasters, independent producers and themselves. And they want it to make money, even though they promise 30-per-cent Canadian content. The only group they don't want to play with is Bell Canada. The broadcasters, content-rich, don't want to play with the cable people.

While CRTC President Al Johnson has opened for a "breathing space" to develop Canadian pay-TV, the cable operators want to move fast. They occupy the present future in deal with pay-TV and satellites in the period between 1984 and 1988 when Ottawa dithered over introducing television. The Americans put the jump and Canadians on the border turned their new aerials south. And what about cable service? "I'm Prime Minister. Bennett's 1932 warning led to establishing the CRTC. Yet 50 per cent of Canadians watch U.S. programs in the prime evening hours—and the figure is nearly 90 per cent



Schenley O.F.C.
the only 8-Year Old that's guaranteed right on the back of the bottle.

Canadian law requires distillers to place a stamp on their whisky bottle showing the year the whisky was distilled. And what about cable service? "I'm Prime Minister. Bennett's 1932 warning led to establishing the CRTC. Yet 50 per cent of Canadians watch U.S. programs in the prime evening hours—and the figure is nearly 90 per cent

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CANADIAN SCHENLEY DISTILLERS LTD.

among anglophones. But you can't block a satellite signal, it fully explains. The government, meanwhile, is reluctant to seize the illegal dishes—and in the U.S., the authorities have given up even trying to find them. Passions run high when evening entertainment is concerned. In Guelph, Ontario, Mayor Michael Power has threatened to demand everyone in town to protect the illegal dish that gives the town its only alternative to cbc programming. "We feel safe in saying that those of you who are reading this letter do not go home and watch only cbc or Canadian content TV," wrote Mr. and Mrs. John Spore in a letter to the CRTC committee, one of some 280 from Guelphites. The committee moved in one year in Northern B.C. residents must regularly decide which U.S. satellite to focus their dish on.

"It's beyond the point where you can do something," says Dr. Bill Meloy, a communications professor at Simon Fraser University. "With all the illegal ground stations in place you can't stop it. All you can do is throw as many Canadian programming up there as possible. People aren't going to watch it if it's not there."

Canadian cultural sovereignty was felt, Meloy believes, when Ottawa decided in the 1960s to adjust the same television frequencies as those used in the U.S. And no politician is going to risk a revolution now by obliging Canadians to buy new televisions capable of receiving only approved Canadian content. Ian Anderson

P.E.I.

Walking on heavy water

Charlottetown was shocked and the mood in the legislature was eloquent news had just broken of Premier Angus MacLean's slip of memory over his no-nukes promise to the island's electorate. Throughout last year's campaign, MacLean had ignored voters to void the previous Liberal government's outstanding agreement to buy 21.5 megawatts of power from New Brunswick, whose nuclear include the Point Lepreau nuclear plant (scheduled to enter New Brunswick's power grid in 1982). And voters had elected MacLean's Conservative government in April, 1977—with the March 28th nuclear disaster as vivid in their minds as the thought that Point Lepreau lay 185 miles upwind from their island home.

After MacLean's election, silence. People assumed that the agreement had been cancelled, but why wasn't Mac-



Point Lepreau, MacLean, a member of opposing parties.

Lean calling for a moratorium on the construction of the neighboring nuke? Why his apparent reticence in urging a health and safety study at Point Lepreau? Last week, under questioning from Liberal Opposition energy critic Gilbert Clement, it was revealed that there still is an agreement to buy energy from heavy water, and the seven towns MacLean once hot water.

The problem is rather like trying to separate the lambs of paradise from a wolf. The island hungry for power has had even co-funded the laying of a \$36-million undersea transmission cable to New Brunswick—has learned that it would be technologically impractical to separate Point Lepreau's nuclear-generated output from the other sources contributing to New Brunswick's power grid. Meanwhile islanders, who already pay the highest utility rates in Canada, are being reminded by the Liberal Opposition leader Bennett Campbell that, should the agreement with New Brunswick be scrapped, already hefty utility bills could rise by another \$5 to \$10 a month.

Which places Premier MacLean in a myriad of moral dilemmas. Should he stick to his election promise and tell a full-cutting agreement? Or lose face to save the island money? Point Lepreau is going ahead at any rate, and the Premier's government is still smarting from the plant's hot overruns. After Charlottetown backed down from a previous commitment to share Lepreau's



costs, New Brunswick's Premier Richard Hatfield will be hanging tough at the opening negotiations. Though P.E.I. Premier MacLean is now saying he'll stick to his election-promise guns, his energy minister, Barry Clark, pleads for discretion. "Further questions of high profile could hinder further negotiations." Too late. The cloudy controversy is already smothering.

John Ramsey

Yukon

On the road from a wiretap

It had all the ingredients of scandal—a wire-tapped justice minister, secret tapes that would, in the minister's own words, make him sound "stupid," and investigation into purchase of government land, and policemen and prosecutors who suddenly developed legions. The centre of the controversy last week was an unlikely figure: Yukon's usually cheerful justice minister, Doug Graham, 30, a political neophyte who had been elected almost 1½ years ago in the 35-seat Yukon legislature's first territorial election to be fought along party lines. By last Tuesday, however, Graham appeared to have reached the end of his beginner's luck. He was saying "I know, this session ends, the 90-per-cent certain I'll be hitting the road."

Whether or not Graham does hit the road when the third session of the Yukon's 30th legislature ends, there are some who will want a fuller explanation of why a Supreme Court judge should authorize a wiretap on Graham's line. Neither senior nor the Whitehorse federal prosecutor has clarified the situation. In fact, both rapidly shut up as soon as news of the wiretap on the justice minister's line was announced. They wouldn't discuss the contents or

even acknowledge the existence of tape recordings that might have been made. Indeed, the story only broke because Graham had admitted to reporters, who were chasing a rumor the week before last, that police had tape-recorded him talking last August to Whitehorse customs officer Barry Belchambers. Belchambers' phone was tapped by the state which was investigating his purchase of undeveloped residential lots from the territorial government. That investigation led to a charge of fraud against Belchambers. He is to appear in court May 5.

With silence from so many quarters, Graham himself was the only voice explaining why his telephone had been tapped. And he was saying little more than that he had told Belchambers he would try to learn what the charge was against him. Graham didn't even know whether the tap had been on his office or his home phone or both. He said he got so angry when he learned of the tap that he threw away the written notification that is given to writtap victims within 90 days of a tap's removal.

Yet the difference between a home or office phone tap could be crucial. A special legislative committee appointed last week to decide whether the state had breached the province of the House



Justice Minister Doug Graham: The cops won't say, but which phone had the bug?

by failing to ask the speaker's permission to tap Graham's phone may have no-use if that phone was not located on the legislature's premises.

Government leader Arthur Pearson, meanwhile, seems content to have his justice minister offer little public explanation of why he will need "stupid" if his taped conversation is entered as evidence in court next month. And so too does Pearson say he went through enough trauma last spring when Health

and Human Resources Minister Graham Noyes resigned after assaulting a female taxi driver who was bringing a case of beer to him home at 9:30 p.m. Monday morning. That Pearson has a more practical reason still for holding on to Graham. With three of his backbenchers in his 19-man government disqualified from holding cabinet jobs for reasons of health, conflict of interest or unavailability, and an already shaky front bench, Pearson can't afford to lose Graham. He simply can't afford a question of seniority—not even one with all the right ingredients. Michael Madsen

Cutting teeth by the tonnes

The advent of the metric system has been greeted with varying amounts of disquiet across the country, particularly in Saskatchewan where gun farmers who cut their teeth killing buffalo must now deal in tonnes (it's supposed to goad old Lord Dunsany into a squabble with a Herbert Spack, a talking the compass and ship builder—into the courts. After 42 has filed notice of application in Swift Current district court asking that the federal Metric Commission be required to reimburse him of the old and to permit, more importantly, the federal system alongside the foreign metric measurements.



Reason for the action is clear in Abel's words: "I don't want to get killed! As a signalman I have to take care of train controls and highway crossings and my job is dangerous enough without the federal government coming across my tracks. While on the job, Abel takes a train motorcade to check signals and crossings, and at least twice he has had to bail out narrowly before his train car was demolished by an oncoming train. He claims use of the metric system, which has not yet been fully introduced in the system, will create confusion and therefore more dangers for his already perilous job. Says Abel defensively: "You know, my job has four times the death rate of police in duty, and the way I look at it

Signaller Abel is the worst. They are inflicting on my rights to speak English!

the Metric Commission is out to kill me by accident or design."

The basis for his legal action is rooted in the Official Languages Act, which he argues allows Canadians to deal with his federal government as an agency in either French or English. By changing to the metric system—which originated in Napoleonic France—he portrays the commission has denied his rights. "They are infringing on my rights to speak English," he accuses, adding that he is not, although he is not in a position to defend the way he is.

Lawyer Donald Krueger, who accepted the application as agent for the attorney-general, said the case won't go to court before May when the spring session opens in Swift Current. Another claim, that might slow the federal process, claims Krueger that Abel did not name the channels at the Metric Commission or the federal government initiated at this commission first.

Abel, who is acting as demand at himself in this case, is not satisfied. Two years ago he asked an legal counsel for his wife, Melvina, and was a battle that ended last August when the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal upheld two earlier rulings that she had applied to register a 28m square-metric gun license changes to federal gun controls. She was asked to leave the gun in the family collection which Abel has safely stored in a 12-by-120-foot basement vault—which he also uses as an office to direct his legal crusades.

Don Elder

One of the most disastrous Canadian warlord trials ever was that of **William G. Cuffie**, a Canadian prospector who was hanged in 1866 for killing three American bear hunters. Despite a royal commission inquiry and **Jacques Robit**'s 1966 book, *I Accuse the Assassins of Galt's*, which raised serious doubts about Cuffie's guilt, the verdict was never overturned. The lurid case will be re-opened next month when the *Infamous Five: The Cuffie Affair* is screened at Cannes. "They had no proof," says actor **August Schellenberg**, who plays Cuffie. "It was a case of a man who was called for the defense." Meanwhile, Schellenberg continues to be involved with controversial projects and is playing a trapper in the \$9.5-million film *Dark Man*, now being shot in L.A. starring **Charles Bronson** and **Lee Marvin**. It is loosely based on Jackson's *The Mad Trapper*. Just how lonely has become of concern to some westerners, including Canadian actor **Rudy Wukie**, who says the story is being distorted and that elements near him **Edgar Allan Poe** being portrayed as a whiskey-fueled drunk who "occasionally rises from his stupor to fantasize with Indians."

"The Germans had better start making stronger ropes—if they want to hold Canadian captives," shouted **Eric** and **World War** cartoon hero **Johnny Canuck**. Johnny's spirit has been re-inspired in **Captain Canuck** comics, where the defender of the glorious and free lands to reach somewhat confusion, is rather busy with the knee-jerk violence of many U.S. superheroes. Comic-strip artist **Richard Cunniff**, 28, of Calgary, says the cap's main concern is "to stop international terrorism." "While there's no tale line in his life, he has had a couple of chance meetings with a nurse—what he's doing is a no-line matter. Later this month, 114,000 Canuck copies will be shipped across the border and become the first Canuck comic to get nationwide U.S. distribution. Cunniff's secret weapon for putting Canuck in the limelight is an 11-foot, three-inch, 218-pound **Mike Jackson**, a heavy-equipment salesman by day who sometimes does stunts with his big red truck. Jackson holds a black belt in karate, but Cunniff thought Canuck breaking boards might be "bringing odds to Nevada."

"I'm wondering whether the polar bears in 60 below weather is low risk compared to putting your head on the line in a big advertising or movie company," says **Artis** (viewer, and 1980 and author **James Houston**, 54, whose 12 years in the Canadian North resulted in 12 months and the "discovery"

of Inuit art. Houston is concerned that the northern way of life may disappear when it is most needed. "Bokanus should be very careful of the future and guard their assets," he says. "I'm not ready to give up all of the future permanently," says Williams, a Grade 10 student at Queen Elizabeth High School in Edmonton. Williams and her mother, Elizabeth, are Canadian-born when he dropped in on his Edmonton agency last month on one of his famous "new faces" talent searches, which helped him search for heavy for the covers of *Vogue* last year. Williams had to give up a part-time job at a local sporting goods store to accept *Canuck*'s offer, but in New York she stands to earn up to \$2,000 a day. "I'll certainly be a new experience for me," she says. "I've never been anywhere except Saskatchewan."

When school lets out this June, one teenager who will definitely not be going to camp is 15-year-old **Alison Williams**. In lieu of pillow fights, Wil-

liams will be bunking in with four or five other young women in the New York modeling stable of top-Saturday agent **John Casablancas**. "I'm not ready to give up all of the future permanently," says Williams, a Grade 10 student at Queen Elizabeth High School in Edmonton. Williams and her mother, Elizabeth, are Canadian-born when he dropped in on his Edmonton agency last month on one of his famous "new faces" talent searches, which helped him search for heavy for the covers of *Vogue* last year. Williams had to give up a part-time job at a local sporting goods store to accept *Canuck*'s offer, but in New York she stands to earn up to \$2,000 a day. "I'll certainly be a new experience for me," she says. "I've never been anywhere except Saskatchewan."

44 "John is working to break the de-ty's held on us," teased **Bob Dylan** at his **Murray Hill** concert in To-

Schellenberg (left), Williams (below) and Cunniff (center). Cuffie controversy, no knee-jerk violence or pillow fights.



ronts last week. The group according to Dylan had the faithful singing in the sides, and a few of the unexpected interpreted with dramatic *For Dylan* in the Wind, he snapped back. "Hell Diamond just recorded that song. It's an excellent version." The reformed Dylan confesses he "used to drink everything straight out of the bottle," but *Parade* under and liberal law were the only beverages on tap at rehearsal. **People!** **People!** **People!** pronounced Dylan "a lot healthier—his nose wasn't dripping into his mouth like it used to." **Hiawatha**, who was miffed that **David Byrne** and Dylan ignored their years ago at his current concert, the **Club House**, dedicated a song to "those Howard Hughes, wherever they may be." The **Black** told **Mothers** "He had this black rock following him everywhere carrying a Bible and praying the Lord every two seconds. Dylan told me that he has sold 18 million records since he became

a Christian. I told him to become a **Moses** and he might sell 60 million."

Between the discordant yelps of new wave and the sweet-sung of **Buffy Sainte-Marie**, groups like **Downchild Blues Band** have provided a haven for **Basement** with their barbed-wire-blue sharp rhythms and earthy sentiments. Now that they have inspired high-profile fans, **Jake and Phoebe Blues**, **Don Aykroyd** and **John Belushi**, **Downchild** members, are riding the crest of the current blues popularity wave in the U.S. The **Blues** Brothers started out as a ball of a good deal, but those guys merely loved the blues," says **Downchild** creator **Donnell Walsh**, who wrote three of the arrangements the brothers bleated out on their *Machine* *Full of Blues* album. **Sally** **Blonde** **Van Vasey**, who provided the set appeal and yuck hammer-piano backbone for the group, is Winnipeg-born and studied classical

music for 11 years before the style of **Money** **Waters** half-brother **Don** **Spense** turned her to sit alone. After 10 years and six albums, they're on their third grueling road in 32 months of bars, concerts and one-night stands, and Walsh says "We're going harder and harder all the time, but I finally think we're coming of it."

Veteran comic and character-actor **Jack Lemmon** likes to recall that **Harold Lloyd** mailed him his play *Truhot* "in a brown paper garbage bag, tied with a string and postmarked 'Los Angeles'." Luckily, Lemmon overlooked the dubious envelope, and his first stage appearance in 18 years has won him a Tony nomination and the Los Angeles Drama Critics Award. He is now repeating the role of **Ruth**, glowering prison agent **Scottie Tarnopol** in the screen version of *Truhot*, and keeping fellow-players **Lee Remick**, **Robert De Niro** and **John Marley** in stitches. The script calls for Lemmon to pull what he knows is the verbiage in a "moo," and he showed a marked tendency to over-rehearse. Between scenes, the 55-year-old Lemmon likes to trade **George** **Guthrie** tunes and instructs listeners to "show your appreciation by contributing coins to the jar on the piano." He is looking over three other film scripts, but his recent stage rebirth has him rumbling in the joys of a live audience. "It doesn't matter if they miss a line because of a belly laugh. That's a disease you should suffer from the rest of your life."

66 "I'm not planning on becoming too healthy," says actress **Lynne Griffin** about her upcoming turn as **Jean of Arc** in **Jean Ancelet's** *The Lord*. She may have to tug off her two-foot mass to play the *Mad of Orleans* but says that the part doesn't otherwise intimidate her because Jean is "basically a simple peasant girl." Although Griffin, 27, has been working regional theaters across Canada for the past few years attempting to elude impostor Jean, Jean is one of two parts she wanted to do that require "an incredible innocence." She admits that she's too old for the other one—she doesn't like "geriatric Juliet." In her search for reason, she has played "a lot of horror" and says her role in the recent film *Midnight* *Melanie* was "one where you saw one big emotional scene, and you kill yourself, and everyone talks about you for the rest of the film." She also recalls the challenges of doing an intense 10-minute dead scene in *Apocalypse Now*. "I remember coming out one night and we had cameras sitting in the front row in plastic chairs—they'd come to see a play about horses."

By **Michael Flaherty**



Downchild Blues Band (above) and **Beloved** **Griffin** with red-down and six teeny bawl house rhythms and the final of a simple peasant girl.



Zimbabwe picks up the pieces

By Clyde Sanger

The Makabane River has an idyllic place in Rhodesian political history. When former prime minister Sir Roy Welensky was attacked three decades ago for antipathy to the Africans in his federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, he retorted that as a boy he had many black playmates "and we swam bare-chested in the Makabane" Friday the river is hardly so picturesque. One stretch that runs through the Sekelary suburb is clogged with a wall of municipal dung. And since the war between Ian Smith's army and the guerrilla forces of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo drove thousands of rural



ance living in Harare face the greatest irony: They survive alongside Rufaro stadium where Prince Charles and 30,000 invited guests attended the independence ceremony last week.

What expectations does independence arouse among the seven million Zimbabweans? "Vengefulness" against the country's 200,000 whites seems unduly lacking. Earning just the plumb of an Avenue 60 apartment in the blossoms of *Apollonia* and *Cassia* trees, one of Mugabe's field commanders assured me that private enterprise must not be disturbed. And outside Chikanda, back from service as a section commander in Mozambique, he did not like talking about life (and death) in the bush. "If I think of those days I feel like a piece of scrap," he said. "We are all of one father though of different skin."

Reconciliation comes naturally to the gentle Shona people, who give Prince

Charles no rest. They could not afford the fees. Many Zimbabweans are taking hopefully of free primary education, which was a well-timed election promise. The new government put only nine per cent of the budget to African education, a quarter of what went into prosecuting the war; so there should be money available if school facilities are kept simple. One of the toughest jobs goes to the minister of lands and resettlement, Dr Sydney Sekomane, who trained in tropical medicine in Sweden before working with the guerrilla forces in his forest, however, there are an estimated six million acres of white farmland that have either been abandoned or are unused. Productive white farmers would not need to be bought out for years.

Added to that the country possesses probably the best educated and seconded set of ministers with whom any African country has gone to independence. Dr. Bernard Chidzero, who studied at McGill and has a French-Canadian wife, Michelle, holds the key post of minister for economic planning. Mugabe did well to draw him back from his job as deputy secretary-general of the UN Committee on Trade and Development. And talent is thick on the ground. A Commonwealth secretariat manpower study points to the 4,000 Zimbabweans who have acquired high education abroad as "a crucial reservoir of skills," while the flood of white Rhodesians into the security forces during the war, helping to create what Mugabe describes as his principal problem, the armed forces, nevertheless gave scope for black recruitment to move into supervisory jobs in offices and factories.

Zimbabweans, both black and white, are in a state of euphoria at the sudden coming of peace. That mood is likely to fade. But Salisbury last week was what it looks of better. "The mood is right," even for the Makabane scavengers.

Washington

Delusions of progress

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin was looking worn and weary, but he still managed a defiant note at last week's luncheon dinner at the White House. "Before I ever left home," he told guests, "I heard that they were tightening the screws in Washington. God knows what they were planning to do to me." "Praise for effort, then," said I. "I can assure that nothing has happened in the cabinet room. No pressure was exerted. No exhortation took place."

The only got it high. But President Jimmy Carter's famed goodwill, heard above the rest, rang truer because

Begin had unwittingly given the game away. The disapproving fact behind last week's summit, as both the visit by President Anwar Sadat this week before, was that little of substance did happen. The next day these statements could manage, as Begin left to resume a difficult battle to bring to power at home, was an agreement to keep talking at a nine-day in Tel Aviv or Alexandria until the target deadline of May 58 for an agreement on Palestinian self-government—that would create the illusion that the foregoing negotiations had been given new impetus.

There was also a vaguely worded commitment to the idea that, in the absence of a solution to the Palestinian question by May 58, Israel and Egypt should jointly administer the occupied territories of the West Bank and Golan Heights. The Palestinians were asked to elect a governing authority for themselves. But this formula concealed the awkward fact that there was no agreement about the extent of Palestinian self-government—and that, as an American source admitted after Begin's departure last week, in such circumstances the Palestinians were unlikely to agree to participate in elections of any kind.

A further truth behind last week's



Begin and Carter breakfast 10 week time

broader was that Carter, still suffering from fallout from Jewish voters after the blunder of his United Nations vote against Israel last month and under heavy pressure from Senator Edward Kennedy in this week's Pennsylvania presidential primary, was in no position to "turn the screws" on Begin. The Israeli leader was, if anything,



Prince Charles is kissed by Cathy Owens, one of the thousands of different women

to take to refugees in the crisis, the dump has become a prime scavenging ground. Every day scores of regular scavengers arrive, armed, as the dump trucks unload, to find something of value in the few minutes before a giant grader flattens it all. One of the last scabers in an old woman whose right foot was shot off by soldiers after neighbors said she had been feeding guerrillas.

Their ingenuity is impressive but the returns are meagre. Strips of plastic and leading metal are woven into baskets and sold for \$2.50. Copper wire from lights and appliances is used as scrap. And in a grove of gum trees and wild mangoes blackened by rubber dross, a family group of 17 out of 100 trees into strips to thread them into door-mats or stable mats for ranchers.

Some of the refugees sleep beside the

Scavengers, including a woman and President Robert Mugabe, are seen in the background.

dump to avoid paying the \$1.80 a week most charged those who shelter nearby in the plastic-walled huts that fill waste ground in Harare township. In a good week they can hope to net \$100 from their scavenging, but they have been given a run for their little money for weeks in the past three years they have been set upon as illegal scavengers by government police dogs.

The plight of the Makabane scavengers may be more dramatic than that of the other six million Zimbabweans whose lives have been totally disrupted by the seven-year guerrilla war. But those refugees who sell cigarettes and candles and cheap firewood for a subsis-



Minister Mugabe's razor party 57 of the 80 seats for Africans in parliament. The Makabane who supported Nkomo—now house affairs minister—are traditionally warlike, but as the junior partner in government are in a quiescent mood.

The main concern of most refugees—one-quarter million fled to neighboring countries and 750,000 to the cities—is to return to their tribal areas. Some of those with parents still living land in the overseas landed here at Easter time. But these whose entire families had lost everything—houses, cattle and belongings. They can only wait for the new government to provide money to help them rebuild. Although the government has promised to move quickly to set them (at an estimated \$400 per family), many refugees may have to wait beyond planting time in October.

It was particularly gutting for the "internal" refugees that their children have missed years of school because

even more embolled at home.

Defence Minister Ezer Weizman chose the right of the commander Bogdan Chertor press conference to address a peak-hour television audience that he favoured early elections. The time had come, he said, "for some serious soul searching" over Israel's troubles.

In Israel, Prime Minister Yitzhak Mordechai gave the Labor opposition an unprecedented overall majority of 65 seats in a parliament of 120, while Begin's Likud trailed with a mere 23. Another poll in the Post last week found the prime minister's personal popularity at an all-time low of 20 per cent.

Wellman, ironically, was the only minister to hold his rating. But for all his minister's gift of timing, he did not look the man to bring the administration down. He was isolated in his own far-right Herut wing of the Likud, where he was suspected of being too ready to yield nationalist principles in return for an uncertain peace with Egypt.

Israelis—particularly the Oriental Jewish working class who put Begin in office three years ago—are disenchanted with the government's economic performance. Within the cabinet there is a growing sense that Begin is giving too high a priority to Jewish settlement in the occupied territories. But the Herut, his other coalition partners stand to lose a lot from doing an election.

So, as a columnist put it in the daily *Ha'aretz*, "This is a government that lacks the strength to fail."

William Lowther/ERIC SILVER

Belgium

Once more from the bottom

It looked as if Belgium was going round the mulberry bush yet again. The government had fallen on the legislative issue and the country, least by economic ill, last week was waiting for a new matter of politicians to be chosen to prod its six million Flemings and four million French-speaking Walloons into making yet another stab at living together.

But the picture seemed a lot darker than it was. When Prime Minister Wilfried Martens resigned recently, he had almost succeeded in initiating a process by which Belgium's Dutch and French speakers accused increased self-government, he himself was left all the harder. And the economy was clearly in worse shape than at any point since 1973-74, with the franc under severe pressure and unemployment running at 300,000 (more per cent).

The second highest in the European Community after Ireland.

There were signs, however, that the economic emergency could force Belgium's warring language factions to shelve their knives for long enough to set up a new government—the country's 20th since the war. Last last week, 50-year-old King Baudouin asked Martens to form a fresh cabinet. But outsiders gave him only a fair chance of success.



Martens (left) and his wife (right) on another trip around the mulberry bush

ing, and if he fails the country will likely go to the polls for the third time in four years, probably leaving it no closer to unravelling its basic problems.

Basically the language problem, with its corollary of weak government and ever stronger calls for Belgium to split up into regions, came to the head as the country—note "It's called *la fureur*" (strength through unity)—celebrated its 110th anniversary. But Canadians should not be tempted, in the countdown to the Quebec referendum, to see

too many similarities. Apart from the obvious connection—between nations that have two leg linguistic minorities, comparisons are hard to find.

The only possible way to firm the two would be to reduce Canada to the size of Ontario (Flanders) and Quebec and give Ottawa, the capital lying inside English Canada, an 80-per-cent majority of French speakers (the proportion in Brussels). To that strange demographic equation you would also have to add centuries of check-to-pistol hostility, severe harassment of minorities in areas where the language was not a good old-fashioned linguistic riot every six months or so.

The stumbling block to a solution is Brussels. An all-party agreement in 1975, known as the Egmont pact, provided for a system of a federal system in which Dutch-speaking Flemings, francophone Walloons and the city of Brussels would be given wide powers, and using their own parliaments and executives. But the Flemish were dis-



pleased with the arrangement because, since Brussels is primarily French-speaking, it would result in two of Belgium's three independent regions being francophone when the Flemish held a 60-per-cent majority in the country as well as most of the economic influence.

Martens, a 46-year-old Flemish Social Christian, took on the premiership last April with a mandate to force through the devolution plan. With skill and tenacity he got as far as the senate with a watered-down bill, only to succumb to a revolt by senators from his own party. Now he—no another—will have to start again.

Peter Lewis



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From Being to Nothingness

In death, as in life, Jean-Paul Sartre was dogged by contradiction. Born into a pious Protestant family—a relative of the Lutheran medical missionary Albert Schweitzer—he became the prophet of an era that rejected a belief in God for his sense of the self, centered by his discovery of existentialism in more than 30 books and plays. He later recanted parts of *Nausea* and *Being and Nothingness*, two of the works that had best defined his ideas. All his life he rejected the honors that were showered on him, from the French Legion d'Honneur to the 1964 Nobel Prize for Literature.

Showering that no writer ought to allow himself "to be turned into an institution."

But when he died last week in Paris' Broca hospital of pulmonary edema just two months short of his 75th birthday, the man the French called the "pope of existentialism" was very much an institution—perhaps the greatest philosopher of the 20th century and one of the last of the world's great intellectual giants, a writer who brought philosophy out of the classroom and into the street to influence two post-war generations, not just in the way they grasped the universe but in their very feelings. "The only reality is action," Sartre wrote. "Man is nothing other than what he does."

That idea of man's personal responsibility for his life as an absurd world, which once marked the tragic drizzle of Western philosophy after the Second World War, when the church still held

sway, now sounds brutal amid the litany of pop-psychology assessments and overpriced group therapy sessions. But its very simplicity is a measure of how much Sartre shaped his times. His works launched the cult of the anti-novel and the anti-hero and helped form the new wave in French film. But there was perhaps no better embodiment of existentialism than his own life.

A shy, fatherless child who once described himself as an unpopular "ugly toad," he forged himself by sheer force of will into a brilliant, outgoing student and teacher, graduating first in philosophy from the Sorbonne's Superior Normal school. It was there he met Simone de Beauvoir, who graduated second, and, securing the bourgeois convention of marriage, offered her a two-year contract. They stayed together a lifetime, never sharing the same roof but meeting each other daily in a partnership more enduring than most legal unions, and

Sartre and companion de Beauvoir
Man is nothing other than what he does

she was at his bedside when he died. "It's that," he told an interviewer only last year, "that has made my life."

Already celebrated in 1946 for his best sellers and hit plays he could have retreated into wealth and luxury, but he gave away more money than he made to needy causes and people—always pulling bills from the gross—until he died to carry in his shapely pockets—and descended from his Marxist-Marxist lectures to battle in solidarity with whoever he saw as the oppressed. During the May 1968 riots in Paris, he marched with the students to whom he had been an intellectual father and his last public appearance was at the Elysee Palace on behalf of the Vietnamese boat people. "Commitment," he said, "is an act, not a word."

Consistently championing the freedom to which he believed man was condemned, he became one of communism's leading intellectuals, but as the tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia in 1968, he broke bitterly with the party and two of his last acts were in campaign for the liberty of Andrei Sakharov and protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

After a lifetime devoted to writing he was fabled, in 1975, to give it up when only halfway through his last work—his



was almost totally blind. Deprived of the one activity that had given his life meaning, he adjusted cheerfully and submitted to having the papers read to him by de Beauvoir and Arlette Rouast, an adoring Algerian student whom he adopted when she was 25. In his last

interview, published only weeks before his death, he was still sporadically wrestling with ideas and—in a not uncharacteristic challenge to his own existentialism—arguing that "hope is an essential part of man. I myself," he said, "have never despaired." **Marel McDonald**

Moscow's big fish story

Moscowites are not just purveyors of rumors. They are compasses. Stunned or made of meat by party and government by a certain (pink and soviet) leaders, they pick up and pass on stories as a way of life. "Did you hear about the man who married 10 women, all of them wearing a red overcoat at the time?" you know that this police are operating a stolen car ring?



Shagreen catch and (above) the disgraced Moscow illegal profits in Swiss banks

hard-currency speculation. The scene was uncovered when some of the maltroubled cars made their way into Moscow streets, where shoppers kept clamoring about their vendors. But one buyer was a state official who, explained the source, "decided to tug in this thread and pulled out the whole chain."

As with the most elegant Moscow su-

per, this one included a mighty plectrum. Prosecutors reportedly wanted to arrest the former KGBer master. Absentee owner, who resigned in February, 1979, along with several other senior officials. But Premier Alexei Kosygin himself intervened to prevent before a grand jury that many other officials were not to forsake.

Predictably none of this was denied, neither of otherwise committed only by the Soviet government. But in Washington there was no doubt about the truth of this tale either at the state department or The Washington Post, which broke the story. Only Soviet embassy officials it seemed were still in the dark. Asked to comment on the scandal, one official diplomatically replied: "I know nothing about it. Moscow doesn't tell us absolutely everything that's going on, you know."

Keith Charles/William Lowther

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Down and out in Steeltown

By Catharine Fox

The flag flies at half staff outside Local 1330 of the United Steelworkers union hall in Youngstown, Ohio. "That's because we died here when they announced they were closing the mill," said Hank Fabrizio, local vice-president.

Across the United States tens of thousands of workers are being laid off, many indefinitely, as the economy slips into the long-awaited recession. Spiking from the East Coast at the White House last week, President Jimmy Carter said that while there were no "quick and easy answers,"

there was no reason either for fear or despair. But Carter hasn't been out of Washington much in the past six months. He hasn't been to Youngstown or Tennessee, California, or Camden, New Jersey, where more than 12,000 United States steelworkers have lost their jobs. And last week the steelworkers were joined by 15,000 General Motors autoworkers and 15,100 Ford workers (come in Windsor and Oakville, Ontario—see Business, page 39). Because of these crises the phrase "fear and despair" exactly describes the mood.

In Youngstown, a city of 135,000, steel-mill closings will result in 4,700 unemployed by the summer. But they

are the result of just the most recent U.S. Steel Corporation and Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation mill shut-downs. Two years ago, 4,100 steelworkers were laid off when Lykes Corporation closed its Youngstown operations, and a quarter of the Lykes workers still don't have jobs.

Unemployment is an emotional subject anywhere and Youngstown is no exception. Bud Hank Fabrizio: "Our roots are in this valley. We have three generations down here, in some instances four. Their homes are here. But even if they wanted to sell the damned houses, there's nobody to buy them because the banks aren't giving anybody any loans."

Fabrizio described the events of the past five months (U.S. Steel made the shutdown announcement last November) in slow, measured detail. It sounded like an account of a loved one's death. "The first thing that came to my mind when they made the announcement was, what are the young kids go-

Youngsters in front of Youngstown plant (right) at closed mill (left). Fred Ford workers (bottom left) and Fabrizio (bottom right). "Fear and despair" describes mood.



ing to do? I had a fella come in here yesterday, for example. Seven years of service, 38 years old. Lost his ear through repression and had to sell his house because he could not keep up the payments. Shook his head and just kept saying, 'What a life. I want to work and they won't let me.' He had tears in his eyes."

The unions in Youngstown have tried to take the unemployment problem into their own hands by offering to buy the mill from U.S. Steel. The Economic Development Agency, a part of the commerce department, has made \$225 million available for loans to help the Mahoning Valley (Youngstown and environs). The loans have applied for \$50

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PG 21

million of that, and they filed suit against the U.S. Steel which refused to sell them the plant. But last week a U.S. district court judge ruled that the steelworkers "have demonstrated no ability to purchase the properties." Local auto President Bob Voeges said the workers will appeal.

And Youngstown is not the sole example. While the Ford Motor Company's plant at Mahwah, New Jersey, is only about an hour's drive from New York City, about half the plant workers live just across the New York state line in Orange County, where officials say the unemployment rate will jump from 7.8 percent to 9.6 percent as a result of the shutdown.

At his press conference, Carter tried to paint a brighter picture. He said "The U.S. employment for auto-workers, we are working to encourage more overseas auto-workers to invest here in the United States. Florida has already announced a large plant, just today the makers of Datsun announced their

plans to construct a very large plant in the United States and I hope to sign a bill soon that will enable Volkswagen to open a plant in Michigan." But the Nissan plant (Detroit), for example, will not open until 1983 and with last week's announcements by Ford and GM the total layoffs within the auto industry now come to about 250,000.

Carter said that the U.S. has extended what he termed a "short" recession as just about every economic indicator recently released showed more bad news. Industrial output was down 8 percent in March, new home construction was down 28 percent, auto sales were down 25.2 percent in the first 10 days of April (over last year) and corporate profits (with the exception of the oil industry) were down sharply in the last quarter of 1979. While the president said he hoped it would be short and mild, Alan Murray, an economist and vice-president at Citicorp, said "We're talking about what could be the worst recession since World War II."

In Youngstown, the outlook was closer to Murray's than the president's. Local 1072 President Hans DeBruin said Carter was "Tall of his size. We've got 70,000 people unemployed in this valley alone." Western Johnstone of the Youngstown area, Chairman of Congress signs new industry will come about 4,000 new jobs in the next two years. But to steelworkers—who, with their new contract signed last week, would be making more than \$11 an hour—it will mean working far longer shifts.

And the future may bring other disasters. With the closing of the mills in Youngstown and nearby McDonald, the rats will be on the move. Last week the McDonald village council heard testimony that rats which feed and breed in the mill area will be found to live elsewhere when the mill is totally shut down. Said one resident: "I'm sorry the mill has to close. It's done a lot for this town, but we already have one new town and don't want two."

Business

Polishing up the big nickel



Iron's blast the ravages of acid rain

It was the final lap of a 40-year marathon with Iron—the past three of them as chairman of the board—and Ed Carter had an intention of going down on his knees at the finish line. In fact, speaking from the left platform in the ballroom of Toronto's Royal York Hotel at last week's annual shareholders' meeting, he appeared closer to the celestially adorned ceiling than to the shuddering masses ranged below. It was not merely humility that animated the 80-minute proceedings, but the affair was close enough to recognize longtime Iron-watcher that the company—largest nickel producer in the world and one of Canada's mightiest multinationals—at last taking steps to overcome its historical reputation of arrogance.

"It must finally have sunk in that they have an appalling public image," notes Toronto investment analyst Patrick Mays. The evidence was there in the unprecedented degree of courtesy shown to disident shareholders and in the fact that Carter devoted almost his entire speech to Iron's role in the growing debate over acid rain. Iron, as Carter made clear, is not about to take the rap for the well-documented ravages of acid rain, even though 3,400 tons of sulphur dioxide are released each day from its Copper Cliff smelterstack. The fact is that, while Iron's enormous assets in the largest single source of sulphur dioxide continue make it North America, it makes up only two

percent of the total.

While many had that since meetings, at least Iron is now discussing the problem openly—process in public relations if nothing else. This is not without its political significance at a time when Ontario Environment Minister Harry Pearson has already threatened to make Iron the target of legislation to limit sulphur dioxide, a strategy not lost on Charles Bland, who took over as Iron's new chairman after the meeting.

Whether or not Iron's new image is anything more than "cosmetic and inessential," as Iron's name and chairman James Gironce described it at the meeting, it will receive its toughest testing in Sudbury, where the company, employing 34,000 people, acts as backbone for a whole region. Iron claims to have redoubled efforts to improve its labor relations since the bitter 80-month strike which ended last June. It may, however, take more than talk to address several long-standing sore points such as the company's "stingy" pension plan for hourly skilled workers and for the 15 widows of men killed on the job since 1970. If Carter appeared to show a heightened sensitivity when he recognized a minute's silence for those fallen men, the gesture was lost on Gironce. As he observed shortly afterwards: "You can't let silence run you."

Gillian Mackay

A cloak for CIA daggers

After four years of being out in the cold and down by lines that kept its activities relatively open and transparent, the CIA is once again to operate with cloak as well as dagger. The Senate Intelligence Committee last week cleared the way for a bill that will provide a new charter for the agency and offer U.S. spy outfits and that Congress is likely to adopt before summer.

The charter has widespread support on Capitol Hill. But it is a popular cloak. Says an American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) spokesman: "Taking the intelligence agencies off the books is just what we don't need." The ACLU points out that the CIA will be able to investigate Americans under the guise of conducting them for use as weapons or agents or because they are believed to be targets of a hostile intelligence service. That is exactly the justification the CIA used to defend its surveillance of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. at the height of the civil rights movement. It says the new law is just to reveal him.

The CIA and such companion organizations as the FBI, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency will soon be permitted to:

- Carry out covert-sponsored kidnapping, kidnapping, and espionage of Americans in the U.S. if they are suspected spies.
- Recruit American-based reporters, clergymen or teachers as "covers" for foreign intelligence on a voluntary (or unpaid) basis.



Turner: we have a group of young spies

- Example: most CIA files from disclosure under the Freedom of Information Act. Disclosure will be further inhibited because it is to become a crime for former spies to write books without clearance.
- Carry out almost any type of intelligence operations except assassination in foreign nations—including Canada or course.

President Jimmy Carter, who strangely opposed this new charter, has also hinted that he will veto any legislation that does not give him full power to authorize any spy activity that he pleases without consulting Congress. The bill as it stands calls for some Congressional consultation.

Surprise opposition on one sensitive point comes from the Association of Foreign Intelligence Officers (AFO). Generally it wants no restrictions whatever placed on the CIA, but it makes an exception in the case of a provision that would allow the agency to carry out kidnappings and burglaries against Americans living abroad—with

special permission from a court in the U.S. The says AFO President John Blake at a "scorcher" proposal since the line of most countries prohibit electronic surveillance and physical search under penalty of criminal sanctions. I am sure many corners of the world would consider this the extreme atrocity.

The intelligence agencies were first made accountable in Congress under earlier legislation following a highly publicized investigation by a committee headed by Democratic Senator Frank Church in 1976. It revealed that they had been involved in assassination plots, schemes to overthrow foreign governments and even civil disobedience.

Since then a bill in the guise of CIA information has been introduced by a bill in the House of Representatives in the name of the House Intelligence in 1981 and the Senate version of Afghanistan. CIA Director Robert McInnes' "Turner recently drew criticism when he announced an order that he had fired some of the agency's most experienced spies. He said: "What I've done is cut the high grade superstructure and shunted the signal into the clandestine segment so that we have a group of young men and there is enough accumulated experience and expertise around to guide them."

The situation was well summed up by Senator Joseph Biden, a Democrat from Delaware. Answering ACLU protests about President Carter's new charter, he said: "I don't want you say that the CIA is a group of young men and there is enough accumulated experience and expertise around to guide them."

William Lowther

Stop signs in Motor City

With auto-watchers (and Ottawa-watchers) still preoccupied with the on-again, off-again fate of debt-ridden Chrysler Corp., few were expecting the savage news from Chrysler's outer auto-workers that slashed away thousands of jobs across North America last week. Incoming total auto-worker layoffs in the past year to nearly 200,000, or about one worker in seven. "We've all known that Chrysler was sick as a dog, but now it's clear the whole family has come down with something," observes top Detroit auto analyst David Jaeger. While the new General Motors' layoffs will be occurring almost entirely in the U.S., Ford Motor Company's layoffs hit hard in Ontario's industrial heartland, trimming 1,200 jobs in prosperous Oakville, Ontario, and another 1,200 in Windsor—a bitter pill, though not out of proportion with Ford layoffs throughout North America, where Ford operations last year sustained a stunning \$3-billion loss. Based on rising fuel costs, radical consumer shifts away from full-size



cars and high interest rates, the current 35,000 jobs in North American auto demand is expected to ease in the months ahead, which may bring many laid-off workers back to the job. But for the time being that's cold comfort in Windsor, where unemployment has climbed to 17 per cent—the highest in Canada. Some help is in the grant of \$68 million Ford received from the Ontario and Ontario governments in 1978 to encourage it to build a new engine plant in Windsor, though that plant, with 8,500 jobs, is on target for

ITC's Grey (left) and White of Oakville (right) spreads to the whole family

completion in 1981. That handsome new acres to cost double on the scale of Federal loans to Chrysler—a matter which United Auto Workers union Canadian Division Robert White was quick to raise with Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister—and Windsor's Herb Gray in meetings last week. His message: don't just hand Chrysler the money without some strong and effective strings attached. □

Those worried young men in their buying machines

By Rodenck McQueen

Like banks. No Laocoonian reaction from me when I jump into the local news. The difference of late between what banks pay depositors for money in non-checking savings accounts and the prime rate level (the spread as it's called) has reached a 50-year high. But if a centing Canadiana bundle in extra dollars since 1986, the spread was three per cent or lower, since March, it

Last week, when the signal was down for the first time since May, 1977, the banks' response was precise. No need to overtake the credit's bank downward.

The difference of late between what banks pay depositors for money in non-checking savings accounts and the prime rate level (the spread as it's called) has reached a 50-year high. But if a centing Canadiana bundle in extra dollars since 1986, the spread was three per cent or lower, since March, it



has ranged up to 4.5 per cent. As Willie Sutton once explained his choice of career as bank robber: "That's where the money is."

The banks, of course, blink and shun the rates are not in Ottawa, Ottawa, in turn, fringes the United States, wishing that geographic money control is impossible. But here is help. Consumer Affairs Minister Andriou-Guellet knotted on April 3 that the hammer was about to hit. And he, I personally, am going to have a very close look at the operations and the profits of the banks and, indeed, via the revenues of the Bank Act we will indicate to the banks that they ought to co-operate and make sure they are not making undue profits." The Royal Bank, for one, welcomed such an inspection. Guellet's threat, however, turned out to be just a new way started up with as plain to go. For when the Bank Act was introduced in Parliament last week, it was identical (except for some minor technical changes) to the bill that died as the order paper in the last ses-



son. Guellet has yet to act; his officials even say the whole topic is "too sensitive" for them to discuss.

If and where there is an inquiry, the explanation will be easy to discover: banking in Canada is an oligopoly, over-regulated and excessively protected like some fragile flower against the harsh winds of competition. While there is lip service about the number, strength and competitive nature of Canada's financial institutions, pricing policy among them all is remarkably alike. There is even fear, among some Canadian banks, about the invasion by the foreign banks. For the moment it matters not. Foreign banks don't really want storefront retail business, preferring instead the high-ticket corporate loans.

If, however, Canadian financial institutions persist in importing policy from the U.S., they might also copy the current flight for consumer dollars. In a recent nationwide issue of *The New York Times*, one-quarter of the first section was bank ads. Everywhere from teachers to television is being lured to lure deposits. By contrast, in 1979, Canadian banks established an advertising code that even prohibited displays of consumer goods in branches. Most complied cheerfully and voluntarily.

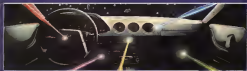
Less informed, if such a thing is possible, is the government. Only 3,900 of the 350,000 mortgage holders who must refinance at higher rates in 1988 will get help. But, bank, the money may be suffering, too. Even with record high spreads, some credit union profits are down and looking down. There are no more, so, about reduced profits for at least two banks when they next report quarterly earnings. Spreads may be high, but demand is low and a quantum is needed.

Test money bills, I won't deny. I found it nice. I said it once. I said "Goodbye."

This year, bank customers and banks are suffering the same ditty. Welcome, bankers, to the square club. The rest of us know it well.



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Uhladt means very old in German.

Music For the record

THE CANADIAN WINNERS
(Don Hill
1985)

It's not that the music isn't sparse enough—there aren't really as many strings as one could expect from his previous albums. It's more the insistent calmness of the words that makes this album a treat even for positive thinkers. How could anybody find this folkbeattingly backdated writing "wrecking" it? "But I never saw you as a real person" or "But still I can't believe" or "So damned easy to just not care." When Hill and Salome Sey get going on a duet about the wretched of the earth, their voices are as affectionately poised that even the weeping heavens might wince.

METRO MUSIC
Murphy and The Muffs
(Polygram)

The debut album by these six Toronto new winners should be a source of pride to Canadiana millions. On *Rudehouse* keyboards, handclaps and guitars are artfully textured, while Rayon is poetic, pulsating and haunting. Vocals by both the Marchas are more surdonic than sexy and Andy Haas never fails to interject at the right time with his earthy, free-form sax, as good a reason as any why *Rickie Donch* deserves to be a hit.



CRUSTY MEASURES
Crusty Measures
(JCR)

Another debut by another Toronto band is further proof that Canadian new wave, long leading, is now cooking. Tony Malone preaches with his girlish keyboards and resonant Rudy Vallée-style singing, but there's a vaudevilian range of pop inspirations. *The Forty Seven's* theme is done with wit and respect, and *My Town* Ray updates an urban domain with searing urban realism.

David Livingstone

HOW TO BUILD A BOEING.



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Oldham: saving the survivors is profit

When pig farmer David Oldham of Uxbridge, Ontario, watched 75 piglets in his herd of 500 die painfully from a deadly infection last year, it was cold comfort that his loss was shared, as it is each year, by pig farmers everywhere. The bacterial infection, called *Escherichia coli*, cost Canada's 30,000 hog producers an estimated \$70 million in lost revenues last year alone. And until recently, farmers could do little to prevent the virulent infection, which attacks the intestines of piglets causing diarrhea. "I was losing one-quarter of every litter," says Oldham. "Once the disease got in, it seemed to take over." Quickly administered antibiotics save some piglets ("It's the only thing between me and bankruptcy," says Oldham) but the disease leaves the young animals underweight and less marketable—had news of an ascertained pork market when efficiency is essential to survival. Not surprisingly, then, the international pork industry was relieved to learn last month that a small Canadian company has finally dealt a blow to the bacteria—developing an inexpensive vaccine to prevent *Escherichia coli* infection in pigs.

The vaccine was developed by Langford Laboratories of Guelph, Ontario, a seven-person lab which specializes in custom-made vaccines for specific herd problems. Langford's co-founder, veterinarian Michael Wilson, expects sales of at least 250,000 vials this year, judging

from the enthusiastic response within the first week of federal licensing last month, when 12,000 vials were ordered, a market dominated by American and European drug companies. The development of the KF 809 vaccine by a tiny Canadian firm was unexpected. "It took us 12 years," says Wilson, "but our size is our advantage, we are more efficient than the giants."

With the only comprehensive vaccine available (Bovis has a similar but much less effective product), Langford has attracted international attention, particularly in Southeast Asia, and is negotiating for royalty rights with a major U.S. lab. Hog producers know that an effective vaccine doesn't necessarily mean more pigs on an overcrowded market; instead, it could mean farmers making a better living from fewer sows. And for Canadian hog producers, who lost 11 million pigs to market last year, it could literally mean survival in the past four years 30,000 pig farmers have called it quits.

As for the small hog breeder like David Oldham, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the first vials of vaccine, the five to 10 per cent of piglets per litter that Langford's product will save could transform a bad year into a good one. "The way I see it," he smiles, "the five per cent more piglets that survive may be my profit."

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A blurred response to a myopia 'cure'

Day after day Alde Matta, a service station owner on Long Island, New York, lived with the annoying reality that he couldn't see the cars he was working on, nor the clock, or read the daily newspaper, without the aid of corrective lenses. On the scale of human misery, he knew, his problem was trifling and far from unusual—at a conservative estimate 30 per cent of the population suffers to some degree from myopia alone—but poor eyesight was a physical weakness Matta never really accepted. Two years ago he traded his glasses in for contact lenses but they, too, were more a source of annoyance than comfort. At work the lenses absorbed gas fumes and left his eyes red and sore. At 35, just as in his childhood, was a problem he yearned to be rid of. "Being corrected all my life," he says, "I felt that I wanted to be normal."

Last month Matta got that chance to be "normal." A sympathetic ophthalmologist also happy to be an ophthalmologist offered to perform on him a surgical procedure which, though still at the experimental stage, promised to

correct Matta's myopia once and for all. And today he finds himself one of the select group of "cured" myopes—and as the ophthalmist's side in a controversy over the safety and necessity of this kind of so-called "cosmetic" surgery.

The operation, first developed five years ago by Dr. Svyatoslav Fyodorov at the Moscow Chernet Eye Institute, takes about 10 minutes per eye. Because the eye chamber of a myope is slightly longer than that of a person with normal vision, light entering the eye focuses on a point somewhere before the retina, causing the person to see blurred objects beyond a certain distance. Fyodorov's technique consists of making 16 radial, microscopic incisions on the surface of the cornea. As the eye heals (it takes about two weeks), the cornea becomes slightly flatter and the focal point of light is shifted back onto the retina.

Dr. Norman Stahl of Great Neck, New York, who performed the operation on Matta, enthusiastically pre-

Matta: "I felt I wanted to be normal"

dicts that the operation will become "standard within a year." He says response to initial publicity about the procedure has been overwhelming and has included calls from willing patients all over the U.S. and Canada as well as from colleagues who are anxious to learn the technique. While no ophthalmologists in Canada are performing the operation yet, Dr. Leo Horne of Seattle, Wash., says he has already brought Fyodorov's technique to North America after learning it in Moscow in 1976, says he has had inquiries from Canadian doctors who want to be treated. Horne has already treated about 100 myopes, accumulated in 200 operations, to 25 American ophthalmologists. He is planning to instruct 30 more at a symposium this month in Baltimore. Horne, too, is enthusiastic in advocating the surgery and says its cost (\$1,000 U.S., covered in part by many U.S. health plans) is no greater than the lifetime cost of glasses or contact lenses.

But other ophthalmologists believe the real cost might be too high. They are nervous about the discrepancy between results reported in the Soviet Union and those obtained in the U.S. Whereas Fyodorov, who has operated on 2,000 patients, claims a 94 per cent success rate, American studies show that chances of success decrease in proportion to the degree of myopia. As well, regression might occur in those suffering from acute myopia—just those whom it was hoped the surgery would benefit most. And due to the relative novelty of the procedure, no one can guarantee the long-term stability of the altered eye. Dr. William Dixon, an ophthalmologist at Toronto's Sunnybrook Medical Centre, says he is unimpressed by the short-term results and is also wary of "a certain amount of haze" sometimes which, while not dangerous, could, for example, cause scarring, infection, even make a scratched person frightened. And he questions the necessity of surgery he believes is essentially cosmetic.

Yet for many former myopes, the risk of complications was worth it and the change is more than cosmetic. Julie Shaw, a jewelry designer from Detroit whom Horne operated on several months ago, reports a new self-confidence. Unable to wear contact lenses because of stigmatism (only those myopes with mild astigmatism are at present being operated on), she wore "top-hat" glasses with which she qualified for the legal definition of blindness. Now, with almost normal vision and no glasses, she is exuberant. "I am totally delighted by my new freedom. It kind of feels like it was a miracle."

Shawn McKay

From Quebec, a vintage crop



LES BONS OUDAIRIAS
Directed by Francis Marceau

The first scenes of *Les bons odeurs* (*Good Odors*)—one of three fine films to come out of Quebec this year—are reassuringly conventional. See the cherry salad-oven cap set off as his parents using his flashing lights and bee-wag alarm to cover U-turns. See him pull into the muddy yard of the poor-but-honest woodworker, a family operation run by Michèle (Marie Trépo), who is trying to land her drunken brother and quiet daughter out of homelessness poverty with single-handed pluck. See the cherry cap peer down her blouse and ask her son for dinner. The film ought to be called *Woodworker's Daughter* with Bart Reynolds willing to take her from under all this, right?

Wrong. Film-maker Francis Marceau, working from Réjean Ducharme's dense and once script, instead comes up with a film that looms out of the dark shadows haunted by writers like Marie-Claire Michèle, all jaw and cheekbones suitable for chapping, certainly wouldn't need a little more fun and a little less work in her life, but literature is an unforgiving character in the darkness. Here and now there's a demanding 13-year-old daughter and a sudden brother to keep her distracted of wanting another. But it's not her posture anyway; it's her daughter's Marée's (Charlotte Lacombe). This hard-eyed instructive conveyor who has, guess, knows and



Les Bons Oudairias
Directed by Francis Marceau

sinks in the features of the three-year-old brother, Ti-Guy (Germán Houde), a bare-headed brat who can keep his emotions long enough to dress of an affair with a clumsy customer.

It could have been a turgid wallow, but Marceau has wisely decided not to amplify an already dense script with heavy-handed imagery. Understatedly, he concentrates on the characters, letting Ducharme's taught carry as just

the melodrama and into passions that move their tiny world. Michèle's ambivalence about motherhood becomes tragic. Marée's silent fustiness acquire a grace and dignity almost unsuitable for considering the terms in which they're expressed. It's like finding that great thoughts be behind the lyrics of *Grand Man's Curve*.

The film moves a shade too slowly and the ending is predictable, but these are small omissions. *Les bons Oudairias*, William, Greek tragedy and the front page of police tabloids are deftly held together by wonderful performances, a script assessing for its poetry and insight and, best of all, a director smart enough to let the material do the work. Wayne Grigsby

CORRECTION
Directed by Jean Benoit

The ghosts were out in force for the hanging of Corollia Vase and Jean-Paul Paré in the film *Les bons Oudairias*, Quebec, on March 10, 1986. A though the sheriff had provided some through kangaroo's heads so the paying public could catch every grimace in the face dangled, heightened by the utilization (drawn by the post) of watching an unshaded wife and the man expected to be her lover swing for the murder of her husband. Yet the evidence that hanged them was circumstantial and another piece of evidence should have led to their acquittal. This is the stuff of great drama. Shuffling elements deftly, Jean Benoit keeps our attention on the whodunit aspect of *Corollia* while probing the meat of the matter—how an intolerant society crushed Vase's (neat, even girlish, nonconformity).

With picture-perfect writing and costumes (as in his film *Le Motel*, photographer), Benoit sets a tattered, bumble scene. With overhauled hair, he shows the town predictably, given the era, mid-afternoon Vase (Louise Lacombe) while she carries on her maternal scenes and, in a pivotal piece of film making, soundlessly teaches the town's half-wild Paré (Gaston Legault) to walk even though her husband is away. After her husband's murder, Benoit focuses on a late, police-like and pitiful system of justice. Raymond Cloutier, as the lawyer who arbitrates the late campaign and tops it off with perjured testimony, is absolutely wicked.

Benoit's vision does lapse, notably in the jail scenes where he overindulges in cheap psychology and symbolism.

A fight with odds that favor extinction

With the international list of endangered mammal species now numbering in the hundreds, a comforting notion about zoos has had to go the way of T-1000 movies, the notion that, should the rare come again, zoos would be able to guarantee a reasonably full and representative booking of Noah's Ark. Already in this century, 800 animal species have become extinct and the rate is accelerating. A relatively recent U.S. government study called Global 2000 predicts that by the

end of the century 600,000 to one million species of animal and plant life will disappear. The solution, says Dr. John Gibson, president of the 660-acre Okanogan Game Farm in Penticton, British Columbia, is not simply one of rounding up endangered species and keeping them away from the guns of extinction and numerous urban encroachment on natural habitats. "We've also seen," he says, "how ordinary zoo owners are in disquieting proportions." The problem is that little is known about

breeding exotic animals in captivity.

This month the game farm (in conjunction with the University of British Columbia, Simon Fraser University and the provincial department of fish and wildlife) is conducting what it hopes will be a successful attempt at returning captivity-bred animals to the wilderness. If it works, the experiment might eventually result in the resurrection of an entire animal species—the California bighorn sheep. They once roamed the province's mountain heights in majestic herds but by the mid-1970s their numbers had dropped to what was feared to be a point of no return. Their survival rate in the wild was only 11 to 13 per cent and a provincial government study suggested, as an eleventh-hour effort, killing a number of sheep annually and trying postmortem methods to determine fertility, nutritional and dietary habits. It was at that point that Gibson and the farm's general manager, Ed Lacey, suggested

bringing captured bighorns to the farm for intensive study.

Of the 50 captured sheep, every one has become pregnant and every lamb has lived, says Lacey. (Since 1971, almost 2,500 offspring have been born to the farm's 170 species of domestic and exotic animals.) So far this month eight California bighorns have been returned to the wilderness after being fitted with radio collars to keep tabs on biological changes and migrational patterns, and having numbers painted on their backs for aerial identification.

If the experiment is successful—"We're confident," says Gibson—there's little doubt the farm will find its animals in increasing demand. As well as being used in films by the National Film Board and Walt Disney and in a Dodge Ramchager truck commercial, animals were sold to the Japanese city of Ikeda last year to start a zoo. The farm is now negotiating with the Haras zoo which wants many of the farm's 170 species. And a group of South Korean doctors wants to buy "every elk we have" to ensure a supply of antlers which can be ground and used in an aphrodisiac. Meanwhile, says Ed Lacey, there's one kind of demand he doesn't want to hear again. "A so-called sportsman telephoned us recently and said he'd pay \$15,000 to shoot a single ram."

Richard Savage

Clockwise from top: Gibson (second from left) and apard animals both their feet with needles; worker Randy Sutra with lion cubs; and African lioness attacking hour



Bear (top), mountain goats (above) and California bighorn sheep (right) with Lester's black collars in "disquieting proportions"

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Religion

Gimme that prime-time religion

By Dane Francis

There are those within the United Church of Canada who wish to stay. Rev. Berkeley Reynolds would leave and take his evangelistic vision with him. For the past 32 years Reynolds has devoted his ministry in suburban Toronto to bringing the word of Christ to as many souls as possible—giving, in the process, a reputation as "the Billy Graham of the United Church." His West Hill-based United Church is more evangelistic than most—he has even trained teams of laymen to make home visits as part of an aggressive outreach program. But Reynolds' larger ambition—he calls it a "shared vision" between himself and his congregation—seems bound on a collision course with the church hierarchy. Despite the support of the majority of his parishioners, he has been denied permission to do something he considers crucial to the survival of the whole denomination: he wants to sell his church and build a new one, a \$3-million complex, complete with a 1,000-seat cathedral, a full day school of theology and, eventually, television facilities for national programming—with himself as the charismatic central figure.

Although Reynolds, 51, is appealing the church's decision at a Toronto conference in May, a final judgment will be made when the 400-member General Council convenes in Halifax this August. But regardless of the outcome, Reynolds has already been outsize successful. He has spotlighted a significant new twist in a controversy which has simmered for years within Canada's largest Protestant denomination: between conservatives who interpret the gospel literally and liberals who update interpretations in terms of current science and social norms. Reynolds' dilemma—one he believes he shares with a great many others—is that he belongs to a church that is moving steadily to the left, a church that is declining in an era of growth by evangelistic Protestant churches, a church that appears in danger, ultimately, of destroying itself. "I would

to fully embrace the model," he says, "the church can make up its own rules. I would like to preach the gospel to a Honda on Bay Street, it has no reason to exist."

Perhaps the most grating recent indication of what he considers perilous liberalism is a daring church study on sexuality released in part to the press last month and shared for discussion at the August General Council. The authors recommended, among other things, the ordination of practicing homosexuals, the acceptance of masturbation if "not obsessive," and sex outside marriage if "non-obsessive." Critics, including Reynolds, point to this report as an example of the church renegeing on its role as moral arbiter. His own message to the church is that it must embrace conservatives and evangelists like himself or die.



Reynolds (above), Williams: "Many United Church members are afraid of the media"

There is no doubt the United Church has been in steady decline since the 1960s, when liberal attitudes first took root, while Bible-chomping sects like the Pentecostals have been growing rapidly. Church documents show that, since 1960, membership has dropped by 157,000. Sunday school attendance has plummeted to 236,000 from 702,000 and 254 churches have closed. Yet the Pentecostals doubled their membership in the 1970s to 300,000. At the same time, televised religion has exploded into a multi-billion-dollar phenomenon. In Toronto, just one Christian talk show, the multi-denominational 200 Ministry Series, earned \$1 million in donations last year alone, enabling it to beier worldwide.

Such proselytizing efforts—conducted here and abroad—often come with mouth-watering donations. But many within the United Church want no part of prime-time religion, finding it superficial and simplistic. "Real faith cannot be developed by selling religion as it is," says Reynolds.

And, he points out, many members, and thereby main members, risk to maintain a "dialogue" between liberal and conservative forces within the church. "Answers for many new issues to be in expression. Conservatives provide simplistic answers to complex questions and liberals follow cultural, more with pragmatism," he says. General Council Secretary Rev. Don Ray says tensions have been created because of the church's commitment to issues of social justice, as well as the California grape boycott and criticism of corporate exploitation in the Third World.

But Rev. Gordon Williams, a Toronto United Church minister on leave and now working full-time for 150 Hurdley Street, stands with Reynolds in the belief that television provides new hope for Christian churches. "Shows don't replace churches, they enhance them," he says, adding that new members

he recruited a pastor for 20 years, hoping the church would return to its original belief in the full inspiration of the Scriptures. Now a preacher at a Baptist Canadian church, he is building a church, elementary school and Bible college near Hamilton And, Rev. Glen Wilson of Calgary says the church's liberalisation has forced him to choose between his loyalty to the gospel and to his denomination. On leave of absence after 21 years as a minister, Wilson is with another church and must decide



should be pursued by tolerance, then tolerance, then hope runs. "The trouble with many United Church ministers is that they are afraid of the media, when they should exploit them to serve the Lord and reach the lonely, shy or handicapped."

Rev. William Farrell, theologian and principal of St. Mary's University College in Toronto, attributes declining membership to growing secularism in modern life—not to evangelistic efforts by others. The church's primary challenge in the '80s, he says, is to reconcile Scripture to the secular world

eventually whether to leave the United Church presently.

For Berkeley Reynolds, that decision has already been made: if the General Council rejects his plan in August, he will reject the church. In the meantime, he is appearing regularly on the national religious program *Do As We Preach*, using tape recordings of his Sunday sermons and plans to distribute the tapes externally by mail order. "I don't think the United Church has a monopoly on God," he says. "If we fail, I'll either leave or lead my congregation out of the church." ☐

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The denture-maker bites back

The stocky, grey-haired prisoner walked stiffly out of Toronto's Don Jail, bitter and unrepentant after his release. A small group of colleagues greeted him with cheers belittling a major political martyr. But while Ben Sweet considered himself a prisoner of conscience, the ease of his incarceration last month was hardly treasonous. Sweet found himself behind bars for nothing more heinous than manufacturing a set of partial dentures.

The 50-year-old denture therapist may well become the litigant of the decade. Sweet chose to serve a short prison term in lieu of a \$1,000 fine to publicize the growing conflict between denture therapists, dentists and provincial governments. According to Ontario's 1974 Denture Therapists Act, denture-makers can only deal directly with the public when they are supplying full dentures for patients who have had all their teeth removed by a dentist. If even one tooth remains, the law dictates that the resulting partial dentures must be fitted under the supervision of a dentist. About 50 denture therapists in Ontario are facing charges of violating the act.

Sweet's route to a jail cell was a protest. Denture therapists, known as denturists in some provinces, allege that the supervisory rule is merely a ploy by dentists to keep the lucrative denture market for themselves and that dentists often refuse to supervise the procedure. "I and every patient in the dentist to examine his teeth and make sure his mouth is in good condition before I make the partial denture," says Sweet, who is also president of the Denturists Association of Canada. "The only difference is that I don't have a dentist standing on my back in order to be able to charge another 68 per cent on top of what I charge."

It boils down to a question of price versus safety. Denture therapists charge about \$300 for a set of full upper and lower dentures that would cost about \$550 from a dentist. "When you

go to a dentist," says Dr. Kenneth Pownall, registrar of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, "you are paying for training, experience and quality that you get from someone who has six years of university compared to someone with a two-year course from a community college. It appears to me that these people would like to be dentists but just don't want to bother going to dentistry school."

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For years, the entire dental field was clamped tightly under the bite of dentists who turned out unskilled work to dental technicians, a broad group of laboratory workers whose ranks included those who specialized in dentures. In 1968, British Columbia became the first province to allow denture therapists to provide full dentures without the dentist's middleman, today only Prince Edward Island is without legislation that legitimizes denturists. Saskatchewan and Quebec, however, allow them to sell partial dentures without the supervision of dentists. As well, courses in denture therapy are now offered at community colleges in Ontario, Quebec, Alberta and Nova Scotia. "A student spends more than 4,000 hours just to work in this one division of dentistry," says George Connolly, a Vancouver denture therapist and secretary-treasurer of the Denturists Association of Canada. "A dentist takes about 500 hours to study the same thing in dental pre-med. We're well prepared to provide both full and partial dentures.

But even those who admit that denture therapists are qualified worry about the ambitions of the false-tooth fabricators. "The main threat of the matter is how far they want to go," warns Jack Richardson, the registrar of the Governing Board of Dental Technicians which administers the lab employees working exclusively for dentists. "Last year they wanted to do full dentures. This year they want to do partials. What will they want in 1985? I'm not saying that they aren't qualified to make a partial denture. But they aren't qualified to work on natural teeth."

In the meantime, Ben Sweet is back in his clinic, churning out both full and partial dentures regardless of the law, a fact that at least pisses his patients, if not dentists. Says one of his clients, 64-year-old Mary Umphrey, "I had my teeth done by a dentist about three years ago and I still can't wear them. I came to Ben Sweet and he gave me a perfect fit. I paid \$200 for a full upper and lower set that would have cost over \$400 from a dentist."

Right across the country we haven't had one malpractice suit against any of our members."

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Sweet and Connolly (top, Pownall) back to making dentists a nightmare of the law

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Many shades of basic black



BASIC BLACK WITH PEARLS
By Pearl S. Buck
(Fiction, \$7.95 soft cover)

This is a novel about a middle-aged woman looking for her lover in downtown Toronto. A small tragedy is involved, she grew up in Toronto, where her husband and children still live, but then she returns to the city as a stranger. She checks into the King Edward Hotel, signing the register "Lois Morton," and meets another redneck with her mysterious lover, Conrad. He works for The Agency and travels occasionally but by delegating a secret code in The National Geographic she always knows where to find him. She waits in "Mabel and in Barcelona. By wearing basic black with real pearls, she is \$1 in anywhere.

Wassermann's novel has a watchful, surreal time similar to Jerry Konner's *Strong Throb*, but in this case the anxiety works in reverse. There is more, not less, to Shirley Silverberg than meets the eye, and it is she who projects coherence and meaning onto the distracted strangers in her past as the Jewish immigrant who worked in a private life for the business (who wears

pearls too). The infection of the hotel clerk as he hands her the mail becomes a whole relationship, charged with the erotic potential of anonymity and seen through her heightened state of expectation. Glower with dignity, Conrad may appear to her as a writer or a virtuoso, as the most remote alert to the undercurrents of every encounter. Nothing escapes her. "All targets is hidden all over the world," she notes, "some either orange or red or a combination of the two colors..."

What is going on in this original, beguiling novel is not clear. In fact, things remain deliciously ambiguous until the last left word falls into place. In the Shirley Silverberg conspiracy thing or not? It doesn't matter. Her sense of anticipation is so keen and her turn of mind so particular that Conrad—real or invented—exists in Toronto but is especially elusive, until a bulletin on Dutch elm disease, left in her mail, sends her on a search of every Elm Street in the city—a long walk that takes her along Queens, up Spadina and back to the landmarks of her past as the Jewish immigrant who worked in a factory and lived in rooming houses. There is never a scene, however, that

Wassermann's inventiveness could make for the almost sort of solipsistic fiction—some pages do get giddy—but for the most part this is concrete, carefully made novel. The tone is perfectly tailored to the character: cold, cynical, sophisticated, precise. "As Milton, or any other support for that matter, it is impossible to evoke images of Conrad. For one thing the air is tinged with other people's emotions, their thoughts take up all the available atmosphere."

The misfires of the writing—and Wassermann's close-eyed, almost appropriate perception of a Canadian city—suggest a story by Mavis Gallant. The way in which the main character tries to locate her past, only to discover that it amounts to an aching sense of displacement, could be called Canadian as well. But the prose is world class, sentences end with the splendor of someone who knows exactly when to stop talking and leave the room. Any reader worried about the disappearance of real life sounds (or tired at gurgling fountain) should read this beautifully controlled book.

Morris Jackson

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICITION

1. *Personality*, Kundera (15)
2. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
3. *The Secret of the Garden*, Kundera (15)
4. *Rebirth of a Nation*, Le Carré (10)
5. *The Last Man*, Atwood (4)
6. *The Secret of the Garden*, Lurie (15)
7. *The Bleeding Heart*, French (7)
8. *The Top of the Hill*, Shaw (7)
9. *The Emperor's Wife*, Fraser (6)
10. *Spent Weather*, Houston (15)

NONFICTION

1. *Belmont, My Own Story*, Belmont (15)
2. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
3. *Preparing Your Own Income Tax*, Kundera (15)
4. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
5. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
6. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
7. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
8. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
9. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)
10. *The 800th Anniversary*, Lurie (15)

(1 = First week)



Smith, Laubert, Hanson and Hirsch (left), O'Neil and Angel will knock dead socks off

York University in the late '60s when the two spent weekends making "experimental film" such as a classic version of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* set in a supermarket, an effort that Laubert calls "recess."

In 1971, with 75 cents and their personal Charge cards, they founded Nelvana (known briefly as Left Arts) in a dirt basement, co-animating Smith, then a successful film-lance animator, to design the company's stationery. The result—a 1976 man on the front of a card who dropped his pants on the inside—cemented the relationship Smith, whose weekly salary dropped to \$5 off his meager job at Nelvana, marvels at the group's naivete. "Why we thought that card would appeal to people in the commercial business is beyond me." Quite simply, the card didn't. Nelvana got its first financial break when an advertisement for Laubert's badly overestimated Charge card into little pieces and a bank manager finally agreed to lend them enough to pay their debts and start production. Even with that boost, the three seemed to exist mostly as unpaid roomers with a large dose of romance. Dressed in suits from the Salvation Army, they made the rounds of Toronto commercial houses looking more like Mafia hit men than aspiring filmmakers—an image only reinforced by their association with, suffering a serious breakdown, animator their bank manager with a woman's sword and accused him of robbing the \$5 bill.

The same facade finally appeared in the form of the CBC which, in more than one effort to keep the wolf from Nelvana's door, contracted for 10-minute children's films. "It was really inimitable production," says Smith. "I was doing backgrounds, storyboards, animation and shooting the film with a camera in our hallway." He was also the star of this *Melvin Pythonesque* se-

ries, drawing up as the original ill one head in *Dr. Pencil Drives the Line*. When they found they had misread the ready and had one more film to make on a blown budget, Smith climbed into his Halloween costume (green garbage bag, green tights and fingers) and paddled around town, creating Mr. Hirsch's Children's Tour of the Big City. This *Shogun-like* progression—two steps forward, three back—could have continued for years had their new contract not suggested they get out of the film business. "This was a guy on our side saying that we should decline bankruptcy," says Hirsch. "When most people would have failed, we decided to expand and get more aggressive. It's called creative capitalism." Their weekly salaries, having spiraled to \$35, were cut back to \$75 and they whipped together a half-hour television special, *The Christmas Two-Step*. This was the last time Nelvana mixed financing with live action: the CBC grabbed the show, but U.S. broadcasters didn't even air it. "They wanted live action or animation, not a curious combination," says Hirsch.

With visions of Disney dancing in their heads, the three changed blindly into making *A Cosmic Christmas*, a 30-minute fully animated film which was cranked out at the painful rate of 31 seconds a week. "We burned the midnight oil to do stuff the Disney people could do in their sleep," says Frank Krimm, hired for the film and now Nelvana's director of animation. "Animation is like anything—once a scope is provided and enough time passes, the knowledge is just. It's like taking a 10-year-old what Buddy Holly sounds like."

If the process was a struggle, the timing was a blessing: the 1976 film *Star Wars* rattling shaken out investors for

the \$250,000 project and the story of Peter and his cousin, Lucy, showing three extraterrestrial war men the meaning of Christmas, adding space glitter to a sentimental scene, was tailor-made for the audience of 1977, already smitten with *Star Wars*. Even so, Hirsch, selling the film in the U.S., came up against the brick wall that placates animators on the fringe: it wasn't Mickey or Charlie Brown. "Who is this Peter?" asked one broadcaster. "Why don't you have Santa stop as alien invasion? Now that I'd buy." Finally Kellner at Viacom, the largest U.S. supplier of independent syndicated programming, gave them a break. "Their story was original, which is unusual, their use of music was novel and they went beyond the standard," says Kellner. "They entertained and still got a point across. Who the hell can argue with that?"

Almost as if, it seemed, a Cosmic Christmas were by its million in North America, had the widest degree of syndication in the U.S. except for *Loveline*. With. In the next three years Nelvana produced five more original shows (including an anti-war film) and *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, *Rosario & Duke*, *Shakespeare* with a mechanical twist, the intergalactic *Thompson*, of galaxies in space, and last month's *Center Point*, a exhibit about their five-star fireworks was a delightfully cluttered visual style, superb performances by the likes of Red O'Connor and Garrett Morda and by far their greatest talent—Smith's brilliant cinematography of action in a natural sense by *Lo-Loss*. *Spontaneous* ideas. The red of Nelvana's history reads Rocky director George Lucas chose them over major U.S. studios to animate a segment of the 1978 *Star Wars* *Holiday Special*, and Viacom, collaborating the special in 35 countries, collaborated in another five-pieces

deal, the first of which, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (reissue) by Rick Banks of The Bard, will run during this year's World Series.

With *Drats*, Nelvana goes back to Square 1, once more tugging with the unknown. "Come was a trick island that we had to grope our way around, but it was a graspable thing," says Nasser. "This feature is like a cliff with a plateau as top that goes on and on as discoverable and." Set in the "medieval future" and peopled by creatures called Drats, this morality tale is loosely based on the Paul Dyer legend. Mik, a magnificent rock star and a shape-changer, uses mind control music plus the head electrical supply to kidnap

thy than the X-rated efforts of Ralph Bakshi—risky. First-the-into postcard. Josephine Nelvana's special circumstances should be the ticket. By next month it will be one of two studios in the world to own a \$250,000 special effects computer which will help it devise the visual effects to compete with next year's blockbuster *Superman II*. And *Star Wars III*—effects that Laubert admits will "seize kids' souls off." "We're going beyond Disney, dealing in areas of myth the Disney people left off in their recent work," says Nasser. "Star Wars was myth, adventure and action rolled into one; we're going to do the same thing in a magical way through animation."

If Nelvana has designs on matching Disney's creativity, it also has taken a long look at Disney's output. By itself, a good example this has a life of 30 years or more (last year's re-release of 1967's *101 Dalmatians* reaped \$1.2 million). Nelvana is already looking at the goldmine of pay-TV and video sales. It is also starting a cataloguing kingdom, packaging its characters into books,



Melanie, Malagutti and Jack Rabbit in "Tartar Power" (below), the devil in "Dineli Mouse" (right), from "Star Wars" special no. 11.



Angel, the lead singer of a rival band. The film's finale is a musical battle between Mel and the hero Oscar. "We've been coming up with the perfect combination of animation and music," says Hirsch. "We're trying to structure a musical experience that will be successful for the '80s as *Woodstock* was for the '60s—a major musical event."

At 20, it is to be his kind of event, he met appeal to test-age the best of his horizons group. Since the mid-'70s, animators have tried to engrave a larger audience with a style less clashing than old-time banquets and less re-



reared, pious and, soon, Tobit. In one, in fact, mask of the appeal of an investment in Disney in a short in another profit which Hirsch predicts will account for 40 per cent of Nelvana's income in five years. *Drats* watches "The Wonderful World of Nelvana" Hirsch shrugs. "Three years ago I could've seen as doing puzzles."

For the moment, he and his partners, in their early 30s, are enjoying the luxury of working weekends on a film they spent years dreaming of. Their factory, a no-frills studio in a waterfront warehouse, still has a warm

chubby atmosphere: a cafeteria where guests in friendly apparel and four portable machines serve as "ticket release salvers for animators," posters announcing the Monday afternoon meeting and a color department where paint is labeled "Lucy's hair" or "Mayor's mouth." The animators, cut closely to the characters they draw, are taking drama lessons twice a week, under Charlie Bonfante, drawing theory, a lobby bus player, in being rocky on about.

But the casual air is deceptive: these people are still running a race—one that is all the more interesting considering the competition. Dan Korman, who approached Nelvana to make his film and was turned down, grumbles he is making "the most original animated feature of all time." Budgeted at \$1 million, this film is out there. Fortune more than all his money-makers put together—an anxious commitment from one who seems to know the public better than his own mother. At this point Hirsch is girding to engage the outcome. "There is going to be a sizeable

in the next few years to be the next Disney. I'm not sure that anyone can be exactly that again, but there will be one product which Hirsch predicts will account for 40 per cent of Nelvana's income in five years. *Drats* watches "The Wonderful World of Nelvana" Hirsch shrugs. "Three years ago I could've seen as doing puzzles."

Column

There's nothing like a Deep Throat now and then

By Allan Fotheringham

One of my heroes is Scott Young, a man I have never met (though we share the same black art, letting thoughts run out of our fingertips). I prefer to keep my heroes at a distance, feeling things less messy that way. I like Scott Young, perhaps because of that dreadful, fat Henry Ford-like prance, or, more likely, because of his *World Records* show-talking champion.

Perhaps because he was once banned from the *Mosby Night* in Canada broadcast by the bores who run the Toronto Maple Leafs because he said something honest rather than hockey. Perhaps because, in his column in *The Globe and Mail*, he used to write years ago about a certain seaward, mess-up, dropout son who remained as struggling through the tank towns of Northern Ontario (in an old house, if I recall correctly) in the early days of 1960s counter-culture music. That awkward son eventually emerged as part of Crosby, Stills,

Naught and Young, one of the big groups in the folk-rock explosion. People still talk about the column. Scott Young wrote when he went to New York and walked around and around Carnegie Hall, among the masses that told the world a boy called Neil Young was a solo talent that evening.

This troublesome Scott Young has just returned from *The Globe and Mail* in a celebrated and supposedly sincere form which actually is most intriguing to larger life. He quit because he disagrees strongly with the habit of younger *Globe* sportswriters of quoting unnamed Leafs players in critical comments on the coaches and Harold Ballard, the clown who has turned the once-deified Maple Leafs into the *Gone With the Wind* of hockey.

Now, we have a very interesting issue: that should someone had a bonded journalism school seminar, Mr. Young's idealism is admirable—if

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *PP News Review*.

you want to take a potshot at your boss, you should put your name to your quote—but I wonder a bit. What would happen to journalism, to politics (to Fotheringham's interest) if that rule were applied outside the sports page and throughout the newspaper?

Political journalism, as she is practicing, is essentially a game of cat-and-mouse, some to be rewarded, some to be punished for less or more. So, to be stroked and courted for another day, I



good thing) of getting secrets out of government by guile and stealth is a necessary trade, aided by insiders. Governments by their nature like to keep hidden that which doesn't have to be hidden, but it's much more efficient to proceed along the God-given Liberal path to righteousness if there is no one punishing. One of the reasons why a greatly disappointed Bryce Mackenzie did not make the new *Tradeline* cabinet is that he had a reputation for being the least

trust minister of an old one. Every reporter in Ottawa, a matter of his trade as much as his notebook, remembers his cabinet sources in return for the usual favors, not calling him a blizzard, knife or poison—at least not until next week.

It is useful, in vain hope of keeping sensitive bureaucrats and politicians on the alert, to have the threat of some minor Deep Throat lurking near the Xerox machine. The duplicating machine has changed government, just as it has changed journalism, school and libraries.

No document is safe (few really have to be), and the constant suspicion that an *underdog* who disagrees with a policy has access to the outside has made officials paranoid (as well as marginally more honest). It is, to be blunt, a form of institutional blackmail. Leaks have been used for years by governments to test public opinion. By *leaks* (and reward favored journalists). Now, those with a government who feel a point of principal is involved are using the same weapon. Would anyone argue against the value of the Pentagon Papers, leaked to *The New York Times* by a *leak* (and reward favored journalist)? Now, those with a government who feel a point of principal is involved are using the same weapon. Would anyone argue against the value of the Pentagon Papers, leaked to *The New York Times* by a *leak* (and reward favored journalist)?

Other day *Maclean's* Premier Sterling Lyon spoke at the National Press Club and delivered a small rebuke to the press, saying that it's the easiest thing in the world to supply his government. He's wrong. There's one thing easier, too much practiced. It's to simply be for, and agree with, secret government and all its holy works.

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